APRIL 14, 1979 ONE DOLLAR

02830

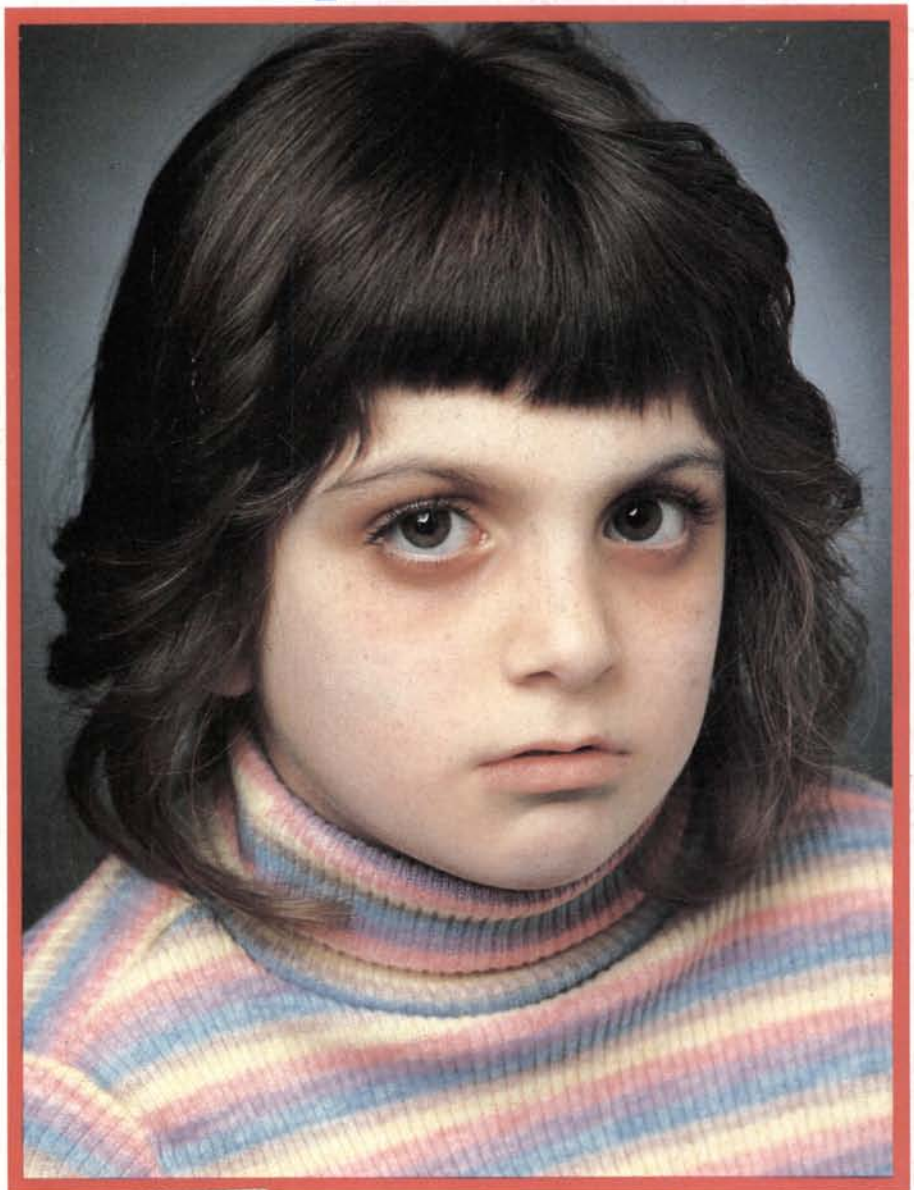
The New American Outback

Saturday Review

Ambassador College
APR 3 1979
LIBRARY

Children and Cancer

New Hope for Survival



PASADENA CA 91123
300 W GREEN ST
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBCTY
275 024 1 SAT

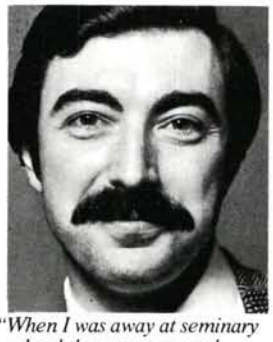
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

9 OUT OF EVERY 10,000 AMERICANS PREFER CAMPARI

Compared with Europeans, Americans are meager consumers of Campari & Soda. But a few new converts are won every day by its unique bittersweet taste.

"A friend of mine got a bottle of Campari for his wife. I would like to make a similar exchange." —Larry Berliner, Yorktown Hts, NY

"My dog and I like Campari and water. I drink the Campari —she gets the water." —Betty Mekeel, Petaluma, CA



"When I was away at seminary school they never served Campari. Now I drink it religiously." —Joseph Scheideler, NY, NY

"I used to drink Campari on the rocks until I discovered that the beach was more comfortable." —Lorene Montgomery, Knoxville, TN

"Developing a taste for Campari is like falling in love. It takes a while but it's fun along the way." —Stephen Peppler, Schofield, WI

"When Dick asked me out for a soda, I found him engaging. When the soda was mixed with Campari, I found myself engaged." —Babs Klein, Cheyenne, WY

"When I began drinking Campari my friends thought I was seeking a spiritual experience." —Earl Starr, Seattle, WA

"Why Campari? Because David and I like seeing the world through rose-colored glasses." —Kimberley Kreicker, New Orleans, LA

"I found that Campari & Soda is good between sets of tennis ...I've learned to play fast." —Curt Wesser, Nazareth, PA

CAMPARI & SODA

Pour a jigger (1½ oz.) of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Add 4 ounces of club soda. Squeeze in a wedge of lemon or lime to taste, if desired.

©1979—Imported, prepared and bottled by Austin, Nichols & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ky. 48 proof bitter liqueur.

You too can be in a Campari ad!

Just send your "Campari Quip," snapshot, and phone number to P.O. Box 2782, SR, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017. If selected, your photo, name and witticism will appear in a future Campari ad—and you'll receive $100. (Sorry, nothing can be returned.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How International Paper helps mother trees have stronger, healthier offspring

This woman is—well, you might call her a matchmaker.

She's using a syringe in one of our seed orchards to make just the right kind of match: the pollen of one very special pine tree to the flower of another.

It's all part of an effort to grow a better kind of tree—one far taller, straighter and more resistant to disease than its ancestors.

That effort could be critical to America's economy.

Nature under pressure

America uses more than half a ton of wood each year, for every man, woman and child. (That's the equivalent of a 55-foot-tall southern pine tree with a 12-inch diameter for each one of us.)

And, the huge demand will double by the year 2000 if we are to meet our needs for housing, protective packaging, communications and other critical demands of a modern economy.

So America must grow more trees—and trees with a lot more usable wood fiber. That's where International Paper is helping.

For 20 years now, International Paper has been breeding better trees. They're not only taller and straighter than ordinary trees. They also grow *faster*. And they have fewer, smaller branches. That means they contain more *usable* fiber.

Our first man-bred tree, the Supertree, contained 25 percent more wood fiber. Now we're breeding a tree expected to yield 20 percent more fiber than that.

In fact, our tree breeding program is so extensive that this year we expect to replace every southern pine that we harvest with even better, man-bred trees.

And we've extended our breeding program to hardwood trees like gum and sycamore, so that hardwood lands will be more productive, too. We've also developed a Landowner Assistance Program, to help small landowners do a better job of managing their forests.

Right now, there are over 900,000 acres of land involved in this program.

And there's still more. We're finding ways to get more wood fiber out of the trees we harvest. We're involved in cooperative nursery programs and tree farm programs.

We're working to improve tree harvesting techniques, while protecting forest soils and insuring our forest watersheds for the future.

More to be done

Will all this be enough to keep the world's fiber supply going strong? It will help. But more must be done.

At International Paper, we believe forest products companies, private landowners and government must work together to develop more enlightened policies to manage America's forests.

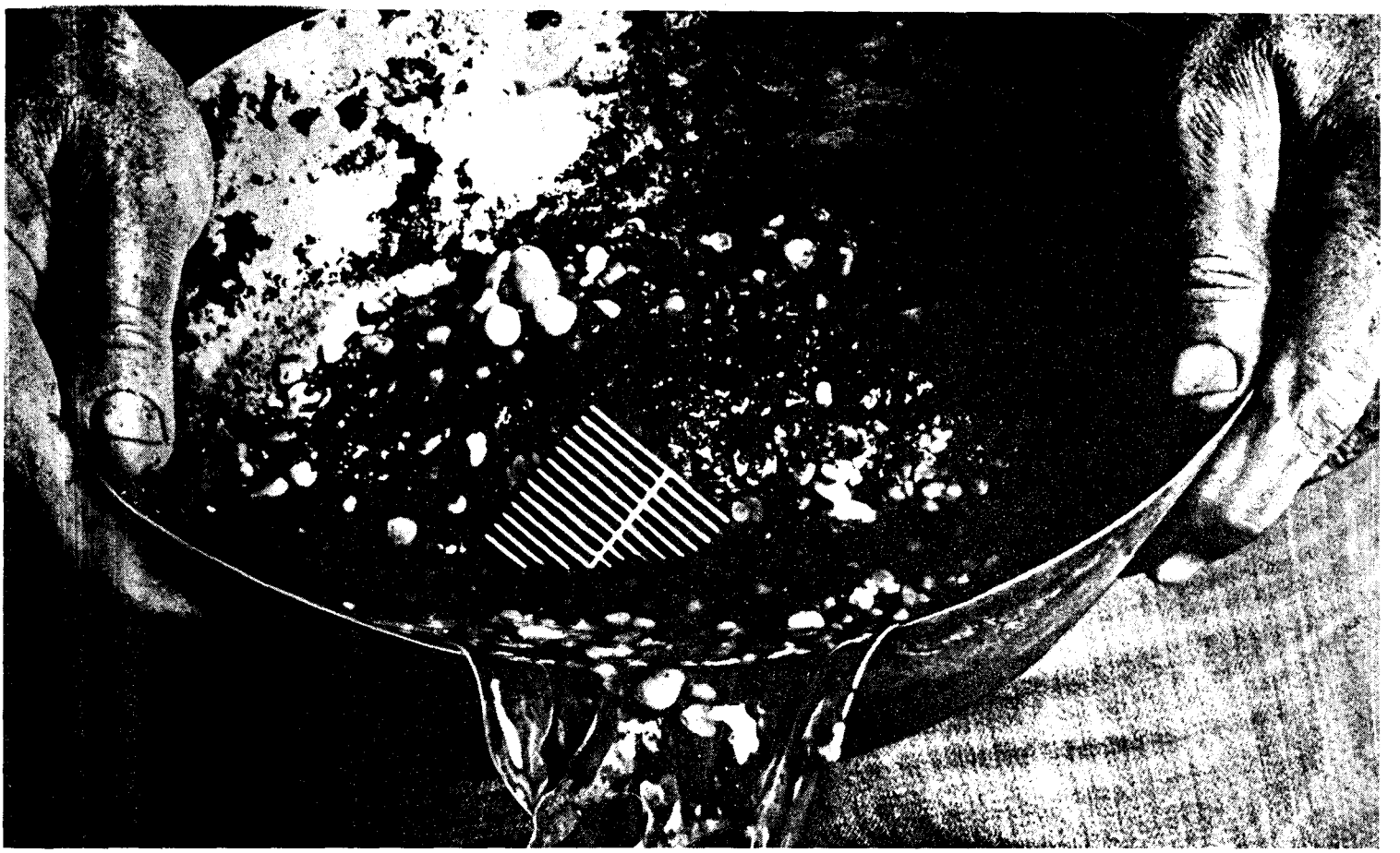
The wrong policies can make tree farming difficult and force the sale of forest land for other purposes. The right policies can assure continuation of America's forests—a renewable natural resource.

If you'd like more information about what has to be done to assure the world's fiber supply, write Dept. 162-A, International Paper Company, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

INTERNATIONAL PAPER COMPANY

220 EAST 42ND STREET NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



One of the biggest gold strikes since Sutter's Mill.

The yield: 3,000 pounds of pure gold.

But it didn't come from a mine. It came from a Western Electric factory.

A new kind of Midas Touch

That's where Western Electric's new process for plating gold is *conserving* the precious metal, through increased efficiency and precision. It's producing better switching components for the Bell System, to make your phone service clearer and more reliable than ever.

It must be gold that's plated to the switching components you see glittering in the photograph, because no other metal can provide the same kind of efficient, reliable, durable, and clear telephone transmission.

But until now, gold-plating had always been a messy and imprecise process. There had been no way to control it accurately. No way to avoid depositing excess gold on the places it was intended to go. And on the places it wasn't.

So Western Electric, working with Bell Labs, designed a totally new system to do the job. Combining the best of electro-chemical and programmed logic control technologies, the new system can plate gold with hair-thin precision. Depositing only the desired amount, only on the designated spot. With no waste whatsoever.

Gilt-edged savings

Besides producing a much better product, Western Electric has mined a savings of $9 million from the process. And that's another way we're helping your Bell Telephone Company hold down the cost of your phone service.

Even bigger benefits

And since the new process uses 55% less gold than the old one, we could more than double production of our improved switching component. Without consuming any more of the shiny natural resource.

But there are more environmental plusses. The new process has almost completely eliminated the gaseous wastes plating used to produce. It's cut the liquid wastes by 90%. And it runs on 67% less power.

This improved gold-plating technique is another way Western Electric is working to hold down the cost, while continually raising the quality of your phone service.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

CONTENTS APRIL 14, 1979

Editor
Carll Tucker
Publisher
James E. Broadwater
Chairman, Editorial Board
Norman Cousins

Editorial Director
Horace Sutton
Managing Editor
Susan Heath
Senior Editors
Irving Kolodin, Karl E. Meyer, Albert Rosenfeld, Susan Schiefelbein, James Traub, Roger M. Williams
Copy Editor
Dorothy B. Humanitzki
Associate Editor
Susan von Hoffmann
Assistant Editors
Karen Braeder
Susan Ochshorn
Julie Sullivan (copy)
Cartoon Editor
Clarence Brown
Contributing Editors
Sam Aaron, Goodman Ace, Anthony Burgess, Owen Edwards, Clifton Fadiman, Roland Gelatt, Martin Gottfried, Jonathan Evan Maslow, Thomas H. Middleton, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Tad Szulc, Walter Terry

Art Director
Bryan Canniff
Associate Art Director
Steven Schoenfelder
Art Assistant
Katryn Conlin

Circulation Director
George Reeves
Production Director
Louis J. Seeger
Research/Promotion Director
Judy Berenberg
Research Assistant
Peggy Koenig

Controller
Alan M. Ross
Senior Accountant
Bobby Levasseur
Accountant
Dave Freed
Office Manager
Betsy Vandeventer
Administrative Assistants
Christine Schlagheck, Dorothy Murray, Clarissa Jones Parker, Mary Swift

Advertising Sales Manager
Jay Stelzer
Automotive/Liquor
Ilene Goldsmith
Corporate
Susan Shoshana Aron
Publishing/Hi-Fidelity
Helen Cornell
Classified
Nancy Milligan
Manager of Advertising Services
Helen Winiski
Advertising Representatives
Western Region,
Zander & Bigler;
Los Angeles (213) 938-0111,
San Francisco (415) 398-4444;
Midwestern Region, Joseph Wall & Associates,
Park Ridge, Ill. (312) 693-8448

Saturday Review Magazine Corp.
Chairman, *Carll Tucker*
President, *James E. Broadwater*
Vice President, *Diane Straus Tucker*

4 Letters

6 Front Runners

8 Editorial by N.C. *The fallacy of cost-benefit ratio*

10 Light Refractions by Thomas H. Middleton *Back to the blackboard*

56 The Back Door by Carll Tucker *Taking our distemperature*

ISSUES

11 Children and Cancer: New Hope for Survival by Susan Schiefelbein *Cancer is the leading cause of death among childhood diseases; nonetheless, recent advances permit some youngsters to live a full lifespan. Those who live—and those who may not—have a compelling story to tell*

17 Douglas Fraser: Labor's Courtly Rebel by Ron Chernow *The demise of organized labor has rapidly become a truism. But UAW president Doug Fraser refuses to give up the ghost, instead turning back to the political activism of labor's heyday*

THE NEW AMERICAN OUTBACK

A special section on the star-spangled backcountry and outlandish things to do in it

22 Is There Life After Yosemite? by Horace Sutton *Lesser-known nooks preened and protected by the National Park Service*

26 Twenty Off-Trail Trips for Offbeat Travelers by Susan Ochshorn *A score of outings designed for off-duty astronauts and other hearties*

32 Watching the Feathers Fly by Jonathan Evan Maslow *Bird-watching reconstituted for warmongers*

PLEASURES

34 Lookouts

36 Archaeo-Art by Eleanor Munro *On the miniaturization of the world*

38 Theater by Martin Gottfried *Character-less musical*

40 The Movies by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. *Crafted crime*

42 Books *Mary Gordon on Flannery O'Connor's habitual genius; Alan Harrington discusses John Gribbin's trip through space–time*

46 Books in Brief

50 Trade Winds by Walter Arnold *Bookie monster*

Puzzles Double-Crostic No. 169 (page 55);
Wit Twister No. 140 (page 5); Literary Crypt No. 128 (page 5)
Cover photo by Ken Ambrose
Cartoonists Clarence Brown, Cary Grossman, Nurit Karlin, Jerry Marcus, Henry Martin, John Ruge

SATURDAY REVIEW published biweekly (except monthly during August and December) by SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019, (212) 246-9700. Subscription price in the U.S. and its possessions: one year—$16; two years—$28; three years—$36 (all other countries—additional postage $3 per year). Vol. 6, No. 8, April 14, 1979. Back issues $1.50 each. Entered as second-class mail (940460) in New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Canadian postage paid at Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

© 1979 by SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Available also in 35mm microfilm and microfiche. SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP. assumes no responsibility for any noncommissioned manuscripts, photographs, drawings, or other material. No such material will be returned unless submitted with a self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Dept., SATURDAY REVIEW, P.O. Box 10010, Des Moines, Iowa 50340, or call toll-free (800) 247-5470.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Alaskan Debate Continues

What a joy and relief to see a magazine of *Saturday Review*'s stature come out with an accurate assessment of the current situation in Alaska ["Alaska: The Great Land War," February 17]!

I grew up in Fairbanks, have traveled over many of the areas now being considered, and for the past five years I have been intimately involved in the evaluation of the lands and the proposed legislation. I hope that soon most Alaskans will listen to facts and realize they would not be deprived of any rights, or any hopes of economic gain, by the provisions of H.R. 39 or S. 222.

Dr. Margaret E. Murie
Moose, Wyoming

Hearings on the new Alaska Lands bill, which is still designated H.R. 39, commenced in late January, with Cecil Andrus as the lead witness. I am confident that we will get out a good bill. However, if it is going to get through the Senate and the Conference Committee in reasonably good shape, it will require another big "grass-roots" effort. I am certain that Susan Schiefelbein's article will have made a major contribution to that effort by promoting a more profound understanding of the nature and the importance of the issue.

Representative John F. Seiberling
D-Ohio
Washington, D.C.

I read with interest your article on the Alaska land issue. While Susan Schiefelbein writes effectively, she seems to have ignored the fact that in the closing days of the 95th Congress an agreement was reached that was acceptable to virtually all major participants in the debate. This agreement was worked out in a painstaking conference involving Congressmen Udall, Seiberling, and Young; Senators Jackson, Hansen, Durkin, and myself; and Secretary of the Interior Cecil Andrus.

Although this agreement was not enacted into law, it demonstrates that the premise upon which the article was based—that the Alaska land issue can be resolved only as a singular victory for preservation or development—is fallacious. It is possible for reasonable men to come to a proper solution on this issue, which balances protection of Alaska's spectacular publicly owned lands with evaluation and potential development of resources that are necessary for maintaining the economy and national security.

Contrary to the motive attributed to me by your article, I attended all 45 markup sessions of the Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee in an attempt to work out a solution that was good for Alaska and the nation. It continues to be my goal to achieve a rational and reasonable legislative solution to this issue.

Senator Ted Stevens
R-Alaska
Washington, D.C.

Susan Schiefelbein replies: My information was not acquired secondhand; it came from Senator Stevens himself. He told me he was eager to pass a bill last year in order to avoid having the lands declared as monuments by the President. As for the compromise: Many principals in the Alaska debate did agree on a proposal. But when Senator Mike Gravel (D-Alaska) threatened to filibuster the plan during the last vote-jammed days of Congress, it was never brought to the floor—a situation I did not believe I could justly characterize as a "compromise" between "reasonable men."

Likewise, the premise that Alaska represents a win-all, lose-all battle between environmentalists and industry is indeed fallacious—it wasn't my premise. As I stated at the outset, the real issue is whether Alaska can at once be "wisely developed and its beauties preserved."

"Oh are we early?"

Arsenic Assertions

Roger Williams's piece ["Arsenic and Old Factories," January 20], which dealt with Asarco's copper smelter in Tacoma, was a balanced presentation of some of the problems involved in environmental and worker health regulation. He is to be commended for a sensitive journalistic effort.

However, there were two statements that may have conveyed an inaccurate impression of the facts. The study done to determine the level of arsenic absorption by children living near the Tacoma plant revealed average urinary arsenic excretions far below the aver-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

age for plant workers. The fact that a very few children were found to have urinary arsenic excretions within the lower range of those found among plant workers was seized upon by some to support the misleading assertion that children had absorbed as much arsenic as the workers. This assertion unfortunately found its way into Mr. Williams's piece.

Mr. Williams also implied that Asarco had only recently, and as a result of regulation, hired a full-time industrial hygienist, doctor, and nurse to serve the Tacoma plant. In fact, a full-time doctor and nurse were employed at the plant from 1941 through 1971. Since 1971 the doctor has been on duty three days a week. Industrial hygiene surveys have been conducted regularly since 1947.

K.W. Nelson
Vice President/Environment Affairs
ASARCO
New York, New York

Roger Williams replies: While the children's *average* arsenic absorption may have been lower, the study showed a substantial percentage of children at or close to the workers' level of 0.60 parts per million. Of 11 children living within one-half mile of the plant, four had readings of 0.62, 0.55, 0.46, and 0.42. As for the plant medical staff, the two stories I've gotten conflict, but neither redounds to the credit of ASARCO. To wit, why has a full-time doctor been reduced to three days a week since 1971?

Terror's Tit-for-Tat

Karl Meyer's "Supping With the Devil" [February 3] merits a review. It is interesting to note that his sources regarding the "balance" of *Terror in the Promised Land* come from Jewish organizations. Unfortunately, he failed to consider the other side. Meyer didn't mention the massacres of Arab villages by Israeli terrorists, or the innocent civilians killed in the King David Hotel, or the assassination of civilians in Lebanon.

I like Meyer's perceptions of television, but he got carried away on the Arab-Israeli issue.

Jack G. Shaheen
Southern Illinois University
Edwardsville, Illinois

Karl Meyer replies: The King David Hotel was a military target since it was then British headquarters, and the killing of Arab civilians by the Irgun and Stern Gang was expressly, and repeatedly, denounced by the majority spokesmen of the Haganah. I deplore Israeli reprisal raids in Lebanon; they are the saddest fruit of escalating terrorism by the PLO.

Answers to March 31 Puzzles

Wit Twister No. 139

tiers, tries, tires, rites

Literary Crypt No. 127

Prose books are the show dogs I breed and sell to support my cat.
—Robert Graves

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 168

(JANE APPLETON AND WILLIAM) APPLETON (M.D.):
HOW NOT TO SPLIT UP

Don't worry about your health. Being quiet will *not* give you high blood pressure, depression, or ulcers. On the contrary, it can preserve your domestic tranquillity and improve your health. Shutting up is literally a pause that refreshes.

Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 128

NBP BFSAPDN NBYEZ YD HSYNYEZ F SPQLXX-PEAFNYLE JLS DLXPLEP TLW VELH.

—VYE BWKKFSA

Wit Twister No. 140

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The boy who reads some___ ___ ___ ___ ___ in the rules
For teaching___ ___ ___ ___ ___ in former ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ in schools ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ a sigh of unalloyed relief:
No teacher now may___ ___ ___ ___ ___ to cause him grief!

Contributed by Miriam P. Dunham
Chocorua, New Hampshire

Answers next issue

THE MAINE WRAP CHAMOIS SKIRT

Smart, comfortable simplicity in 100% cotton chamois cloth. Fabric napped inside and out for extra warmth. Smooth as genuine chamois leather. Launders beautifully. Our wrap-around has just the right flare in street length and full length versions. Available S (8-10), M (12-14), L (16-18) in Navy, Sherwood green, Sea Mist green, Rust, Gold, Claret and Cornflower blue. Short length $30, long $34. Free catalogue with order. $1.50 postage.

Especially MAINE
U.S. Route 1 Dept. SR-4
Arundel, Maine 04046
(207) 985-3749

Going Outdoors? FREE CATALOG!

Compare products before you buy! Our unique catalog has detailed charts, facts, figures of product specifications and performance data to help you evaluate and select best values in clothing, footwear, tents, sleeping bags, packs; plus running and bike gear, food, "how to" guides and more. Wide selections in everything for climbing, camping, hiking, enjoying the great outdoors, around home or anywhere. Latest full color edition now available.

☐ Please send me your free catalog. Thanks.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

Eastern Mountain Sports, Inc.
14504 Vose Farm Road
Peterborough, New Hampshire 03458

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Look. Ma, No Football Helmet

Banging one's head against a wall is usually considered a pretty ineffective means of disposing of an obstacle, but for no better reason than that most of us are fairly ineffectual with our heads. When a team of 15 karate experts tried their hands, and heads, at it, they demolished a six-room house in six working hours.

Using one another as human battering rams, the members of the International Judo Association obliterated a 150-year-old house, while 200 spectators looked on, as part of a charitable event. "The only real obstacle," team leader Phil Milner told *Human Nature* magazine, "was the fireplace wall. We must have toppled over three tons in one go." He allowed, though, that it was "a well-built house."

You Don't Have to Be Arab

Look at that swarthy, dark-browed sheik and his winsome harem cooing over a Volkswagen in the recent TV ad. Look at them very closely. See anything a wee bit out of the ordinary? No? Well, those smiling Arab faces actually belong to Israelis.

Doyle Dane Bernbach, the advertising firm that filmed the sequence, might have been expected to get its sheiks in Araby. But that would make no more sense than plugging your Turkish taffy in Turkey. Arab countries are sadly under prepared in the way of sound stages, actor's guilds, and the like. So the filming team opted for the most convenient country with a substantial Semitic population—Israel—and shot the commercial there.

Meanwhile, Hollywood buzzes with rumors of a remake of *The Ten Commandments* in which Omar Sharif receives the tablets atop the pyramid of Cheops....

Taking Mr. Big to Court

What with the giant multinational firms now having more assets at their disposal than all but a few countries, one doesn't usually expect one of them to be dragged into court by a local district attorney. But that is exactly what's happened to Exxon, the world's second largest industrial corporation. Exxon's team of lawyers is matched against the deputy DA from Vallejo in California's Solano county, in the Bay Area.

The conflict began when Exxon supervisor David Machado ordered a group of contract laborers to retrieve equipment left at the bottom of a 100-foot-high coke reactor. The workers had already knocked off for the day, so Machado had removed the reactor's steel "blind," a safety device that prevents the escape of gases. Figuring that the system's valves would keep out the noxious fumes, Machado ignored safety regulations and ordered the workers into the reactor without replacing the blind. Rescue personnel found three men dead of carbon monoxide poisoning, and two others seriously disabled.

Following an investigation, the California State Occupational Safety and Health Administration cited Exxon and the contract labor firm for civil violations, resulting in a fine of $1,200. The two disabled workers also filed civil suits. And that, usually, is that.

But Cal OSHA, whose standards are more stringent than its federal counterpart's, wasn't willing to drop the matter there. It recommended criminal prosecution not only of Machado but of Exxon. And in October of last year Solano County DA Neil McCaslin brought a 14-count indictment against both.

A victory by the state could set an important precedent. Exxon stands by the broad common-law rule that, as attorney Jack Fudge says, "employers cannot be held criminally responsible for the conduct of their employees." Deputy attorney Calbaus McBride quotes portions of the state labor code stipulating precisely this relationship of culpability. Acceptance of this argument by the court might affect not only a corporation's exemption from responsibility for an employee's acts, but also its liability for violation of company safety regulations.

McBride, citing Exxon's three lawyers, admits to feeling "somewhat outmanned in resources," but considers his case a solid one. As of early March, Exxon had won a pretrial motion for dismissal from municipal court, but the case was to be appealed to Superior Court.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Wages of Sin

Dennis Sobin describes himself as "the only businessman in the country who can walk into a massage parlor and take it as a legal deduction." And Sobin will get no argument from the IRS on the score, since he publishes *The Adult Business (TAB) Report*, the "Monthly News Journal of the Adult Business World."

You may imagine Sobin as a leering refugee of the demimonde; but then you don't know your America. Though he has dabbled in obscene recordings, Sobin has a Ph.D in sociology, and has heretofore confined himself to such innocent publications as the *Federal Contracts Opportunities Report*. He expects to profit very handsomely from a branch of free enterprise now accounting for $4 billion a year, a figure which Sobin expects to double within a decade.

Sobin's approach, in the February pilot issue of *TAB Report*, is strictly businesslike, in keeping with his aim of imparting dignity to a class of entrepreneurs much maligned by the public. "We know your special problems and fears," writes Sobin. "The problem of being treated differently by government agencies and suppliers from other businesses, of taxation without representation, and of the constant threat of harassment."

The 16-page newsletter contains information on legal battles over obscenity, police raids, "adult supermarkets," and a liberal sprinkling of articles about politicians and law-enforcement officers whose opposition to vice has been compromised by their indulgence in it. The newsletter also contains one piece of frontal nudity—the publisher at age seven, standing in the bathtub.

Sobin expects circulation to reach 7-8,000 within a year and a half (at $48 a year); but he admits that he can't exactly flip through the Yellow Pages to compile a list of subscribers.

BROCK NEWMAN

Lawyer Practices Wrongful Injury

Lawyers know that negligence and malpractice suits are practically impossible to defend. A jury's sympathy for the victim may have nothing to do with the culpability of the defendant. So when a Federal District Court jury in Manhattan refused to award so much as a dime to the family of a man killed in the catastrophic 1977 collision of two 747s, it caused, as one of Pan Am's attorneys put it, "quite a stir."

What made the case so remarkable was that Pan Am had effectively conceded legal liability for the accident, a step that airlines often refuse to take. Experienced lawyers were unable to remember another instance in which a jury offered no award even after the defendant admitted responsibility.

One possible explanation for the jury's decision is simply that the defense had all the facts on its side. The suit was conducted on behalf of a seven-year-old boy whose father, three years divorced from his mother, had long since ceased visiting or supporting him.

But a second possibility revolves around the tactics of the plaintiff's lawyer, Aaron J. Broder. Though Broder does not enjoy the notoriety of his partner, F. Lee Bailey, he has found some piece of the limelight by advertising regularly, along with Bailey, at the bottom of the front page of the *New York Times*. Coming on like gangbusters in the best Bailey tradition, Broder ignored Pan Am's settlement offer of $80,000 and requested $5 million instead. Some lawyers speculate that the jury may have been taken aback by such a large request in the face of such dubious evidence. Broder himself scaled his final offer to Pan Am way down to $275,000. Pan Am said no, though they eventually paid $25,000 in a pre-appeal settlement. Broder, whose fee amounted to $10,000, did not reply to repeated attempts to reach him at his office.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

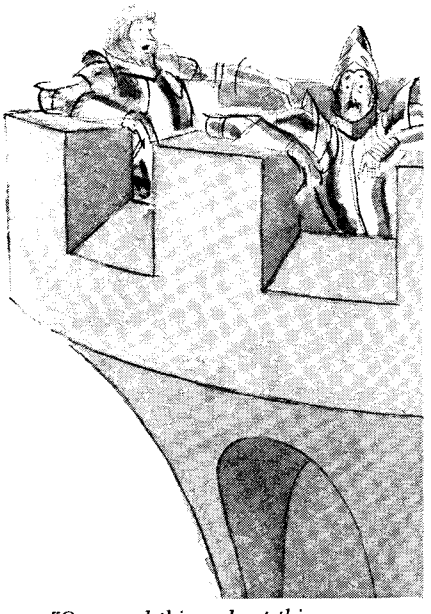
EDITORIAL

The Fallacy of Cost-Benefit Ratio

ONE OF THE least attractive terms in the American language is "cost-benefit ratio." In the refrigerated patois of the budgeteers, it means that any proposed action must produce tangible returns equal to or greater than its expense.

The term descends like a death sentence on any proposal that would apply creative imagination to socially essential programs or long-range goals. If ideas are offered that seek to upgrade the quality of education, or that would improve the nutrition of the nation's children, or that would make life a little less squalid or agonizing for millions of Americans, or that would increase our knowledge of our station in the universe, someone is certain to say the idea cannot be justified because of CBR.

The effect of CBR is that political decisions are governed not by human needs or by the dictates of conscience but by a computer printout. But CBR is a fallacy. It ignores the fact that the main source of a nation's wealth is to be found in the developed mind of its citizenry. Perhaps the most obvious example is education, which converts ideas into institutions, visions into a way of life. The notion that this process can be evaluated by numbers is as absurd as an attempt to calibrate infinity. To oppose education on the grounds that its value is intangible is to oppose the best system devised by history for creating real wealth.



"One good thing about this new gunpowder—if both sides have it, it'll be a deterrent to war."

Similarly, to oppose scientific research because it is not tied to a rigidly defined objective is to oppose progress itself. Science and serendipity go together. The main business of science is to bring about a juncture of trained minds and seminal accidents. Some of the most important discoveries in science occurred not because they were methodically planned or pursued but because scientists possessed the freedom to make mistakes.

When used to block space exploration, the cost-benefit-ratio argument is no more sensible than if it were to be used against human evolution itself. How can a dollar figure be attached to the increase of knowledge in the interrelationship between human life and the laws of the universe? Who but a fool would demand assurance of a monetary return on the next great development of the human species? How is the emergence of a collective consciousness or a sense of common destiny to be valued? Do we measure it in dollars or rubles or yen or piasters? The case for expanding the human presence in space is not that it will yield predictable, immediate, and copious tangible benefits, but that it will set the stage for a vast enlargement of human awareness. The most significant advance any species can make is to see itself in its fullest context, to recognize that what it conceives to be its home is actually only a way station for perceiving larger visions than it has ever experienced before.

In one of the most striking allegories in the history of philosophy and literature, Plato speaks of a cave in which humans know little motion and less light. Their entire existence has been confined to darkness. He then speculates on what would happen if any of them, through whatever circumstance, should happen to come out of the cave. Would they be so confused by the light that they would retreat hastily into the darkness? Or would they perceive a world of infinite motion and dazzling options? Would they turn away from their own adaptive possibilities, or would they position themselves for a life in which human potentialities beyond imagining would emerge?

The familiar last line in T. S. Eliot's *Wasteland* suggests that the world will end not with a bang but with a whimper. I believe Eliot was wrong. The world will end neither with a bang nor a whimper but with strident cries of "cost-benefit ratio" by little men with no poetry in their souls. Their measuring sticks will have been meaningless because they are not big enough to be applied to the things that really count.

If CBR had been allowed to govern history, Socrates would have become a baby-sitter; Galileo and Giordano Bruno, court jesters; Columbus a Venetian gondolier; John Milton a maker of limericks; Jefferson a tax collector; Edison, inventor of rubber stamps, and Einstein a uranium prospector. What was common to them all was a respect for abstractions and a willingness to submit their ideas to the verdict of later generations.

"There is now," said Whitehead, "no choice before us. Either we must succeed in providing a rational coordination of impulses and thoughts, or for centuries civilization will sink into a mere welter of minor excitements. We must produce a great age or see the collapse of our upward strivings."

We need not be confined to minor excitements. The great leaps are still the surest way to higher ground. Exactly what will happen on that ground is uncertain except for one controlling fact: We will become aware of yet higher stations and will enlarge our awareness of what it is we do not know. And we will discover something even more important than answers. We will discover new questions. If progress is what is left over after we meet a supposedly impossible problem, then the stage will have been set for progress.

Somewhere on the metal skin of the next spaceship, there should be two inscriptions. The first belongs to Thornton Wilder. It would say, "Out of man's recognition in fear and awe that there is an unknowable comes all that is best in the exploration of minds—even though that recognition is often masked in seeming superstition, enslavement, and overconfidence."

The second inspiration would be by Goethe. It would read, "The shudder of awe is humanity's highest faculty."

—N.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A REPORT ON THE AMERICAN FOREST

THERE'S A NEW REVOLUTION IN THE NEW ENGLAND WOODS.

The New England forests today are not only being maintained, they're actually expanding.

If any one word describes the forests of New England, it's one used more by poets than foresters: eternal.

For the surprising fact is that the forests look much as they did when the first Pilgrims landed 350 years ago and saw trees covering virtually all of New England. Most of that varied, colorful, and uniquely beautiful forest is still there. In fact, 81 percent of New England is commercial forestland.*

The New England forest endures because, unlike most other natural resources, trees are renewable. And that's important, not only for the endless variety of products we need from the forest — wood for houses, pulp, paper, packaging and by-products — but for the forest itself. A cool, green haven for wildlife in the spring. And, in the fall, a dazzling show of color that draws thousands of tourists.

For centuries these forests regenerated themselves naturally. But for some time, New England's commercial forests, along with those of the rest of America, have not been producing as much wood each year as they could. And in view of increasing pressures on our forests, this is a matter of concern to all of us. The government says domestic demand for wood and paper products will double by the year 2020. And other demands on the forests are rising too — for recreation, wildlife habitat, watersheds.

So every acre of productive forestland is going to have to work even harder.

It's encouraging, therefore, that New England forest productivity is now improving.

The forest industry has learned how to grow more trees, faster, and in such a way that everyone can share in the multiple benefits of the forest.

It's a constantly improving cycle: growing, thinning, harvesting, and regrowing.

Each new forest is stronger, healthier, as forest technology advances.

As a result of genetic research, trees are "bred" to grow taller, faster, resist disease, and bud late in spring to avoid frost damage.

Today more and more of these superior seedlings are being raised for planting in harvested areas to supplement natural regeneration.

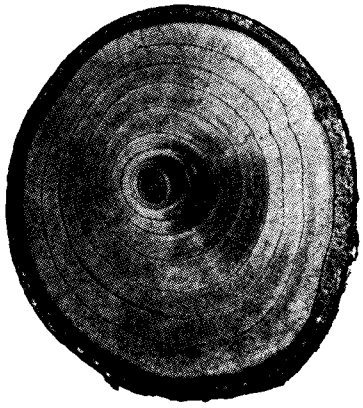
So there's progress in the New England forest and all across the country. But we still have a long way to go.

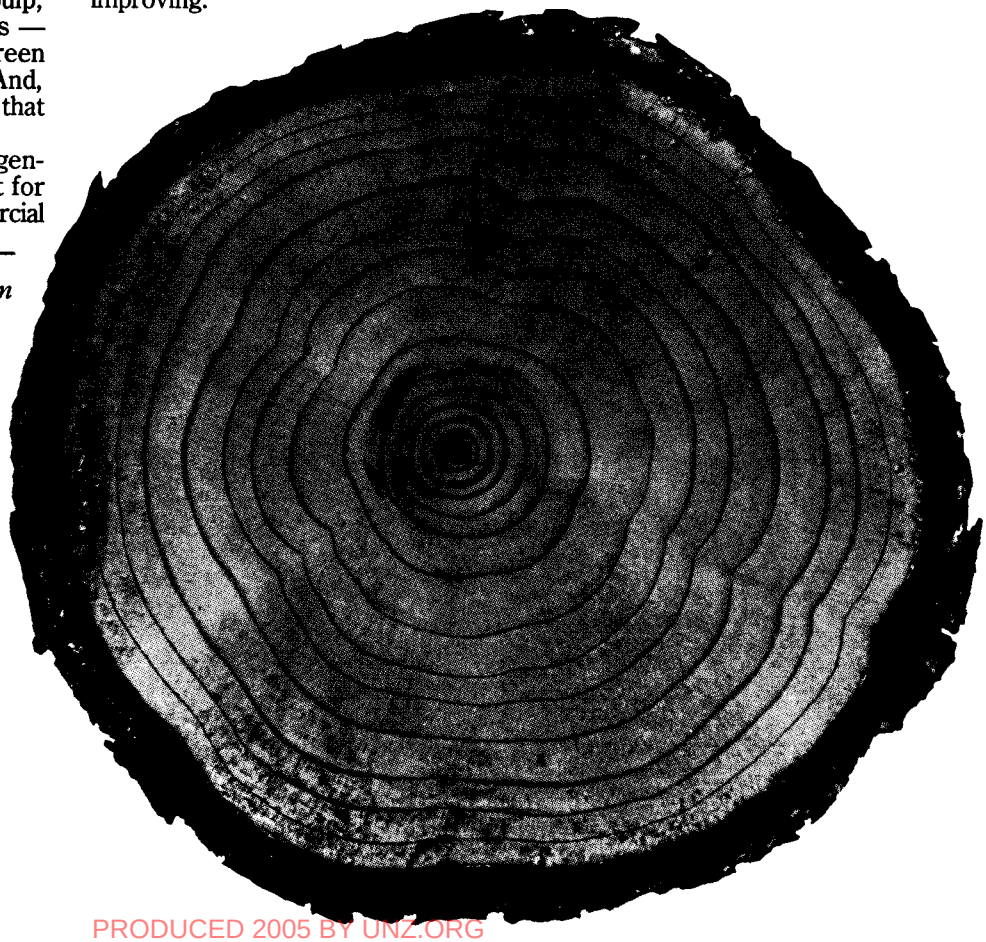
For more information write: American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 873, Springfield, VA 22150.

**Commercial forest is forest capable of, and potentially available for, growing trees for harvest.*

American Forest Institute

These two white pine slices are shown about 85 percent of actual size. Both are 13 years old. The difference is the small one grew in a crowded thicket, while the large one grew in a managed forest where it had plenty of room.





PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

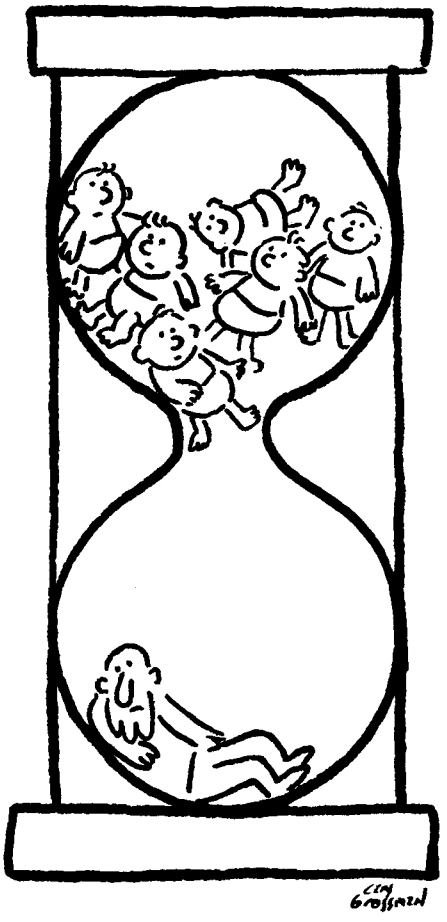
LIGHT REFRACTIONS

Back to the Blackboard

I'VE MENTIONED before that I get pieces of mail addressed to Thomas H. Middleton Junior High School—either a high school named after T.H.M., Jr. or a junior high school named after T.H.M.

I receive catalogues listing not only textbooks, but also "learning programs," many of which are advertised as "a multi-media approach to actual problems in real true-to-life learning situations" or some other such whizbang bit of educational gimcrackery. "Multi-media" implies things like tape cassettes, filmstrips, and all the other paraphernalia that is thought necessary these days to get the attention of the young.

I suspect that the reason for the existence of all these multi-media programs is less the need of children and their teachers than good old American salesmanship. Obviously, there are lots of bucks to be made in peddling audiovisual equipment to departments of education, and departments of education are only human. Their love of gadgets is probably no less than the next citizen's.



Having been bemused, bothered, and bewildered by this profusion of educational techniques that, like so many other things in our lives, were once nonexistent and are now indispensable, I was delighted to read about Marva Collins, who is founder, principal, vice-principal, and teacher at the Westside Preparatory School in Chicago.

I first read about Mrs. Collins last year in Richard Mitchell's *Underground Grammarian*. What made me snap to attention was a sentiment Professor Mitchell attributed to Mrs. Collins: "Marva Collins says that if someone were to give her $20,000 worth of audiovisual equipment, she'd leave it on the sidewalk."

I had just read a brochure advertising a multi-media package (an "edu-Pak") containing materials that "Make-A-Difference" (a hyphenated verb relished by the National Education Association, which sends out this junk food for the mind).

Richard Mitchell says:

Consider Marva Collins....She has hung out her shingle, and people pay her to teach their children. Furthermore, she makes no self-serving protestations about all that lofty—and untestable— "better human being" stuff. She seems to think that children who learn to read and write might be on the way to becoming better persons....

Marva Collins does not whine that society is to blame that we cannot teach poor, black children to read and write. She just does it. She makes her students memorize things and write and speak in sentences. They learn.

I phoned Mrs. Collins in Chicago. She is, as they say, dynamite. "Effervescent" would be dismally inadequate to describe her drive and enthusiasm. The word is *explosive*.

I asked her to send me some information on herself and her school. She sent not only clippings and photocopies of articles about herself, but a large sampling of the papers written by her students. They don't just "write and speak in sentences"; they read Emerson, Shakespeare, and, presumably, Homer. One of my favorite sample papers is a letter illustrated with very creditable drawings of a Greek sword, shield, helmet, and cuirass. It begins "Dear Mr. Agamemanon." One line that particularly pleased me says, "I am so sorry that you had to die, but I know that we must all go one time or another." The letter is signed, "Sincerely yours, Patrick Collins." The only error in the entire thing is that extra *a* in *Agamemnon*, which I think is an improvement. *Agamemanon* has a definite swagger.

There are letters to "Dear Mr. Emerson," congratulating him on his essays and asking about his life, and one very impressive paper on "The Inpetuousness of Shakespeare," by a nine-year-old miss named Tracy Shanklin. She gives four examples of Shakespeare's impetuousness (that *n* for the *m* in the title is her only error), such as: "Othello thinks and acts brutally. He never gave Desdemona a chance to explain her side of the tragedy."

Mrs. Collins taught school in Chicago for 14 years, but gave up in disgust after seeing all those children spending their time with no profitable return. "All we were doing was creating more welfare recipients," she says. So in 1974, she converted a room of her family's home into a one-room schoolhouse, and now has about 20 students, from five to 18 years old. (Her school is registered with the State Department of Education.) She never left "the basics." She makes the youngsters read and recite and write—and they love it. Many of them show up a couple of hours early and are reluctant to leave at the end of the school day.

"All you need to teach is a blackboard, books, and a pair of legs that will last through the day," says Mrs. Collins. Not quite true. You also need knowledge and enthusiasm, of which she has plenty. And you need a little money for chalk, paper, pencils, pens, compasses, protractors, more books, and other unsophisticated equipment.

Since she doesn't want government subsidy, and since the parents of her charges are not wealthy, you might be interested in the address: Westside Preparatory School, 3819 West Adams, Chicago, IL 60624.

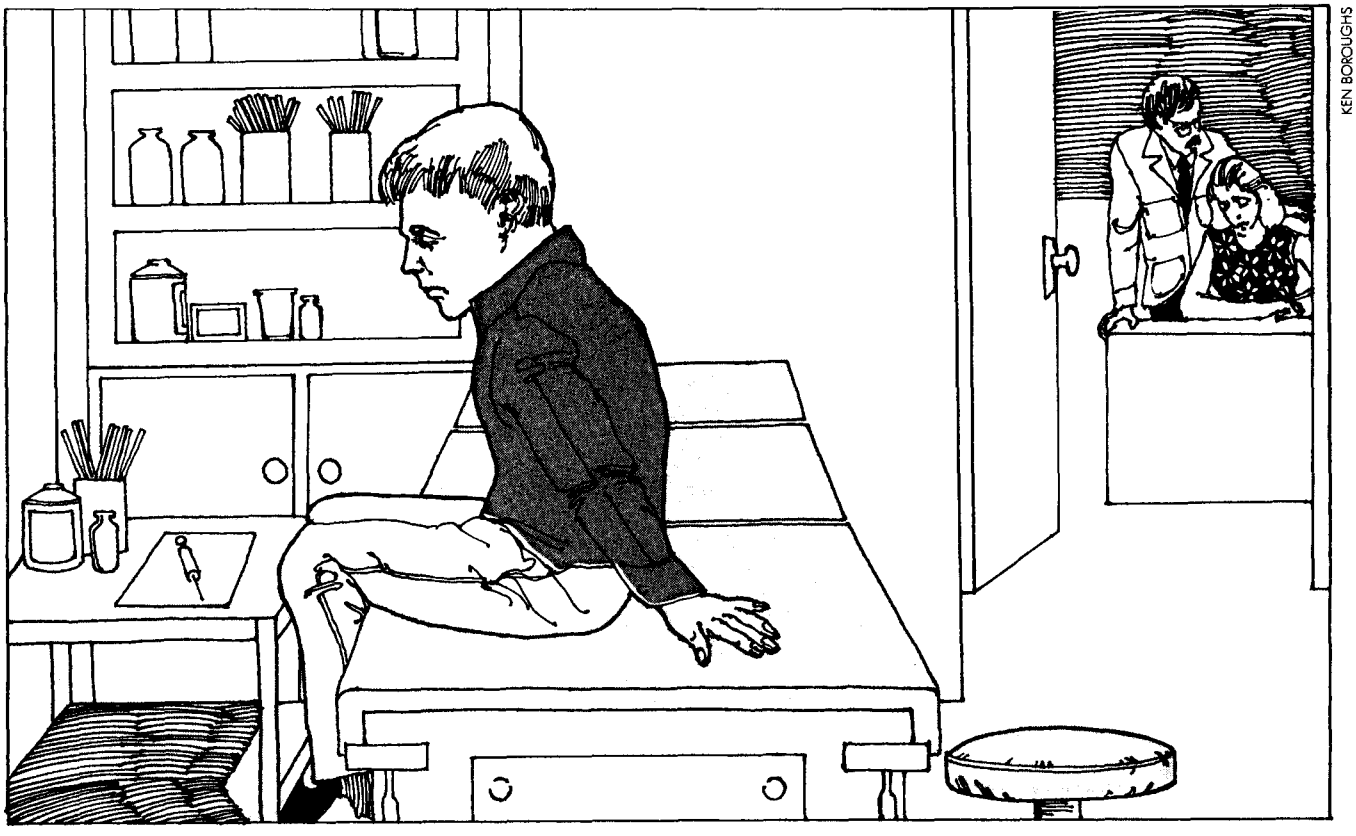
No cassettes or filmstrips, please.

—Thomas H. Middleton

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Children and Cancer

New Hope for Survival



KEN BOROUGHS

by Susan Schiefelbein

THE FIRST STEP INTO A children's cancer ward seems like a step into unreality. Images swim before you: A sign in boldface lettering, "Remove Prosthesis Before Being Weighed." Mothers weary, waiting. A teenager with no more hair than the fuzz of a newborn; a tiny girl with ribbons tied to the two or three strands that are left. They look like small-sized veterans of some long-ago war, wraiths returned in a bad dream. Your eyes register them but your mind refuses them; for they are children, you think, who are waiting for death. The first step into a children's cancer ward brings with it a queasy feeling of hopelessness, and there seems to be only one way of coping with it: leaving.

But those who stay will discover a story they do not expect. They will learn that it is not unusual to see children in a cancer ward; for cancer is the leading cause of death among childhood diseases. They will learn, too, that despite this grim fact, the notion that cancer brings an inevitable and swift end to a young life is out of date. Recent advances in children's oncology have been so pronounced that even conservative medical authorities call them "spectacular." New treatments bring most children remission—cancer-free periods of normal life, with school and play and dating. The remissions of many children with particular forms of cancer have lasted so long that doctors think their malignancies may never reappear. In short, the story of childhood cancer is no longer a story about facing death; it is one about struggling for life. It is, further, a story about those who help these youngsters. For beyond that first ugly step into the cancer ward is a complex but compassionate world—a world of scientists and doctors, psychiatrists and social workers, parents and friends who offer strong guiding hands to those children who must take the frightening—but not always fateful—second step inside.

However compelling the story of children and cancer may be, it is one that few people seem to have heard. True, newspapers publish frequent articles about children with cancer—Chad Green and his parents' courtroom fight for laetrile treatment; Teddy Kennedy, the senator's son, and his determination to learn to ski after an amputation due to bone cancer. But these stories have provided an anecdotal education at best, and reveal little about the nature of the disease or its outcome.

Statistics can fill in at least part of that gap. Some 2,000 children die of cancer each year, and about 6,000 youngsters are newly diagnosed annually. While these figures are high compared with the incidence of other life-threatening childhood diseases, it is important to note that the cancer rate itself has not kept up with the birth rate. Cancer is conspicuous among youngsters mainly because cures have been found for most other formerly fatal childhood illnesses.

Nor is cancer among children as prevalent as it is among adults; for every 10 adults with cancer there is only one child stricken. It may be that childhood cancer is also contracted for reasons different from the causes of adult cancers. Because environmental carcinogens take some 10 to 20 years to erupt into malignancy, researchers think that ge-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

netic factors may be behind some childhood cancers. There are a few carcinogens, however, that appear to be able to cross the placenta from mother to fetus.

The types of cancer that children contract are also different from those adults do. Adults most frequently develop carcinomas—the malignant growth of tissues that line the inside and outside of the body—such as lung cancer and stomach cancer. The cancers that youngsters develop grow more rapidly but are more readily affected by treatment.

The most common childhood cancer is acute lymphocytic leukemia (ALL), a disease of the blood-forming tissues. Twenty years ago, almost every child with ALL died within a few months; today, about half the children stricken are able to hold a remission for five years, and of those who reach the five-year mark, about 85 percent are expected to live a normal lifespan.

The next most common forms of cancer in children, in order, are tumors of the central nervous system, including brain tumors; tumors of the lymph tissues, such as Hodgkin's disease and non-Hodgkin's lymphoma; neuroblastoma, a malignancy of the sympathetic nervous system (most tumors of this kind develop in the abdomen); Wilms's tumor, of the kidney; rhabdomyosarcoma, a muscle malignancy; and osteogenic sarcoma, a bone cancer. The chances of long-term survival with these cancers depend on each child and the speediness of diagnosis, but in general, the rates range from about 80 percent survival for Hodgkin's disease and Wilms's tumor to 60 percent for bone cancer and 20 percent for brain tumors.

Although percentages listed on a page may be difficult for the layman to interpret, they reflect what one oncologist calls "a quiet revolution" in the outlook for childhood cancer victims. Three major advances account for the upward turn of survival figures: improved surgical techniques, the introduction of chemotherapy, and the improvement of radiotherapy. Another recent improvement is the identification of prognostic factors—characteristics such as the number and size of leukemic cells, the age of the child, how quickly he responds to treatment—that accurately indicate how good a child's chances are, and also single out those children who will require more aggressive therapies.

Other prospects for treatment and perhaps, one day, cure are also being studied and appear to be promising. Immunology—energizing the body's normal cells to attack its abnormal ones—is being vigorously pursued by researchers. In occasional cases, bone-marrow transplants—killing all normal cells and malignant cells together, then replacing them with marrow from a donor—have allowed physicians to give doses of chemotherapy that would otherwise be fatal. Epidemiologists are currently scrutinizing cancer's many habits. They have found that more boys get cancer than girls; more white children get cancer than blacks; youngsters with certain chromosomal disorders—like mongolism or dwarfism—have an increased chance of getting cancer. With each of these victims, cancer leaves another clue bringing researchers closer to a solution for cure or prevention.

IT IS EASY TO GET LOST on these advancing paths of science, to forget that they all lead to but one purpose—the treatment of a real child. Reading about cancer therapies in medical journals is entirely different from hearing about them in connection with your own youngster. After that shocking experience, moreover, parents and child still have a long journey ahead of them. First comes painful hospital treatment; then, the outpatient period, coping with cancer while at the same time trying to lead a normal life; occasionally, but inevitably, facing the deaths of playmates or friends also being treated for cancer; and finally, for some youngsters, a very new set of circumstances, living beyond the five-year signpost, wondering if the disease has indeed really been "cured," worrying about long-term side effects of therapies or the chance that some insidious wayward cell will be passed on if they someday have children of their own.

Diagnosis is the first stop on this journey, and for some parents it is the worst—more difficult, even, than a child's actual death. Physicians give parents the full diagnosis and prognosis and all the current information about advances; nevertheless, few parents can absorb the message. "The word 'cancer' is like a hurricane," says Dr. Yahuda Nir, pediatric psychiatrist at Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center in New York City. "Life becomes a disaster area, and the parents don't know the extent of the damage. They come back asking the same questions, over and over again."

"You're so overwhelmed by the words 'your child has cancer,' " says one mother whose eight-year-old was diagnosed two years ago, "that you don't hear the rest. The first thing I thought was, 'My God, my child is going to die before I do.' "

Panic, denial, shock, grief, victimization, rage, a feeling of total helplessness—all these are typical emotions that keep stunning the parent, blow by blow. Guilt is perhaps the most pervasive and invasive of parents' reactions: guilt about the angers they feel, guilt about possible genetic causes of the child's disease, guilt about being prevented from spending time with other members of the family.

At the eye of the emotional storm at diagnosis, a parent faces a heartrending decision: whether or not to tell the child the nature of his disease. Here parents, children, and doctors often disagree on what is best.

The trend in most medical circles is toward complete honesty; doctors urge parents to tell the child as much of the diagnosis as his age permits him to understand. "Ten or 15 years ago," says Dr. Denis Miller, chairman of the department of pediatrics at Sloan Kettering, "we didn't tell the children. We fooled ourselves. They knew."

Most doctors agree with Miller. They say that children inevitably sense their parents' distress, and that when they face hospital treatment they are bound to guess what is going on. Many children find out from playmates or overhear conversations about their illness between their neighbors. According to Dr. C. Binger, of the Children's Institute at Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute in San Francisco, "The children who are perhaps the loneliest of all are those who are aware of their diagnosis but at the same time recognize that their parents do not wish them to know."

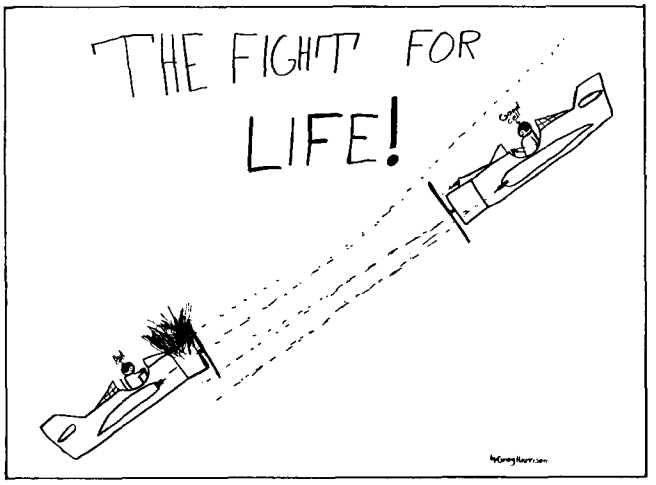
'Giving up has its time and place,' says one teenager, 'but not grasping on to hope is the worst of the pitfalls.'

Tests show that those children who are fully aware of the diagnosis—and can therefore openly approach their parents for reassurance—tend to cope with treatment better. They also seem to cope with life better. One doctor tells the story of a 14-year-old whose diagnosis had been honestly presented to him. When he returned to school, one of his friends greeted him with the crack, "You've got leukemia; you're supposed to be dead." His retort: "Dead, hell, I'm here ain't I?"

But some parents nevertheless just can't seem to bring themselves to the awful disclosure; their children are going through enough pain, they feel, and the added anxiety is unnecessary, even cruel. Says a mother whose daughter was diagnosed in high school: "Here was a girl who washed her hair every single night. And she was going to lose it. How could I tell her she had leukemia on top of it?"

Not all the children who are told falsified diagnoses are defeated by loneliness if they later hear the truth; some react in strength, often to protect their parents. One such situation was experienced by the Chapmans, who—like

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



By Greg Harrison, 11. Greg has since died of leukemia.

many parents—found it emotionally impossible to tell the full diagnosis to their child, Jill, who was 14 when she contracted Hodgkin's disease five years ago. "We told her she had Hodgkin's disease," says Mrs. Chapman, "but we didn't tell her that Hodgkin's is a cancer. I felt very protective of her and I didn't know how much she understood. I was shocked and scared that she might not live, and I think that because I was so frightened, she was too."

And Jill Chapman was. "After a few months," she told me recently, "I realized that something was strange about the reactions of my parents, friends, teachers, and I thought, 'I'd better find out what this is.' I looked it up in the encyclopedia and saw that it was cancer. I was shocked. Nobody had said anything about that. But there it was in print, 'A cancerous disease.' I cried myself to sleep that night. But I didn't go to my parents. I had to understand myself and my own feelings before I could go to them. My mother would have said, 'Don't worry about it.' It would have upset her, and it wouldn't have helped. Nothing would help unless I came to grips with it myself."

She did; and eventually she told her mother that she knew. Today they both say their relationship is stronger than ever. Nonetheless, Jill herself thinks that other parents should be open about the diagnosis. "Not knowing only prolongs the pain and misery. Parents have trouble talking to kids about sex, so they are going to have trouble with this. But both sex and cancer are about life, and if parents love their child's life, they'll give her a chance to do something with it before she expires."

IT WOULD SEEM THAT the impact of hearing the diagnosis would prevent many parents from wisely and calmly choosing a treatment—probably the most critical intellectual decision a parent could ever be forced to make. For some parents, it does. Dr. Nir tells of a wealthy businessman who "found it particularly threatening to be in a situation he couldn't control, to have a child that his money couldn't help. He was totally enraged. The family ran all over the world in search of treatment. Germany. Then Jamaica. Eventually he came back here, and the child died."

Most parents, however, do manage to find that precarious balance of rationality, and ask their family physicians for a referral to a large hospital with a pediatric oncology staff.

Specialists universally and emphatically believe that such action may well save the child's life. "The most important message for parents," says Dr. Emil Frei, director of Boston's Sidney Farber Institute and professor of medicine at Harvard, "is that they should take their child to a cancer center. We see 50 cases of ALL a year. We see a large number of other childhood cancers. At a small hospital a doctor would see cases like these rarely, if at all."

Dr. Miller agrees. "The first treatment a child receives," he says, "is the most important one. If it is less than adequate and fails, that child will die. A family should settle for nothing but the best—a center that can offer their child a full pediatric oncology team—specialized surgeons, pathologists, radiotherapists, psychiatrists, who will be treating a child, not a little adult." Miller, however, cautions against shipping the young patient across the country. "Cancer centers are not much different; the dissemination of knowledge among specialists is rapid. The child needs to be at a place where the family is nearby." Both physicians suggest that after the initial treatment has been completed, the community doctor can administer the ongoing therapy.

Diagnosis; telling the child; deciding on a hospital—it seems as if the traumas come tumbling down, one on top of the other. Yet the next stretch of the cancer journey is another difficult one—hospitalization for therapy.

The current practice is to make the first treatment a walloping one—to get rid of the malignancy altogether. That walloping treatment can be rough. Bone-marrow aspirations, blood tests, and spinal taps become familiar experiences. Needles and punctures and IVs—marrow coming out, fluid going in—are a daily routine. Nearly all the children with bone cancers have amputations or bone replacements with implants of metal rods. Chemicals used in chemotherapy are, as one doctor puts it, "hideously poisonous"; they destroy not only cancer cells but normal blood cells too— blood cells that are supposed to carry oxygen and prevent hemorrhage and infection. It is a vicious circle in every sense of the expression, for the more aggressive the chemotherapy, the more exotic the infections the children contract. In some cases, the cancer is brought under control but the children die of infection. Unfortunately, the antibiotics required to treat such strange fungi are also the most poisonous of the chemical lot.

While the stress of hospital stays increases exponentially with each relapse (a relapse means that a child's chances of survival are diminished), even a first stay is a difficult one. Mothers usually sleep in the hospital overnight. It may seem as though the burdens of Atlas rest on their shoulders; for not only are they prevented from caring for their other children, but they must assume the new and awesome responsibilities of making daily decisions about therapies—often matters of life and death.

"You're overwhelmed with the feeling that life may never be normal again," says one mother. "I kept wondering, 'Will we ever go out together again, just my husband and I?'" Some mothers succumb to anger, anger born of stress and the interruption of sleep in the hospital. Still other mothers have difficulties hiding their worries from their children, veiling the sadness inside them when they see other youngsters in the hospital dying and wonder about their own children's future.

The child, meanwhile, is struggling with different demons. "While I'm thinking, 'outcome,' " says one mother, "he's thinking 'pain.' " Youngsters are also haunted by fears they often will not mention—fears that they are splitting up their families or have cancer because they've been bad.

One of the biggest benefits of having a child in a cancer center is that the staff is aware of such problems—they are common—and is prepared to help a child master the anxiety he will have during the hospital stay. One of the most effective techniques offered is play therapy. Social workers provide children with real syringes (needle tips cut off), IV equipment, and puppets—often dressed like doctors and nurses. When the children use these props to "administer" medical aid, their unvoiced fears often come into the open. "What may start as a gentle needling with a toy syringe," says Irwin Hoffman, of the University of Illinois College of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Medicine, "often develops into a violent series of injections. The needle changes from a mechanism for healing to a weapon with which to mutilate or destroy. Often the child who has been most quiet and reserved becomes the most ferocious shot-giver, betraying his underlying fear."

Play therapy, however, is not meant solely as a cathartic, says Margaret Adams, a pediatric social worker at Sloan Kettering. She emphasizes that the sessions give staffers a chance to show youngsters that their feelings are understood—that it's not naughty to be angry or afraid—and that painful treatments are given to help them get better.

Adams tells of a typical therapy session in which she learned of one six-year-old's rage at having been given a suppository—he literally stuffed a nurse puppet with imitation suppositories, then performed elaborate surgery to remove them. One withdrawn child told Adams that his puppet was quiet because it was afraid that if it cried it would be kept in the hospital longer. She explained to both children the real reasons for their medication and hospitalization.

The responsibility for providing understanding and tenderness during the stay at the hospital, of course, is not confined to the social worker; the doctor is intimately involved with the child and a strong doctor-patient relationship is essential. In childhood cancers, moreover, the word *patient* is inevitably entwined with the word *parent*.

Parents occasionally have complaints about that relationship. Some mothers have been distressed when physicians at various cancer centers appear to be vying for the child's admission, each hoping to add another case to their files. A few mothers who have heard that nutrition or vitamin doses could help their children are disconsolate when they find that their doctors will brush them off with disdain or are disinclined even to read articles on the subject that parents dig out of medical journals. "Research men forget that people have feelings," one mother says. "Too many doctors are concerned with their therapies and their statistics and not with human beings."

Many teachers isolate children in class because of their mistaken notion that cancer is contagious.

Many children have similar complaints. Doctors and nurses come and go without knocking; one child felt so stripped of his privacy and dignity that he complained he felt as if he were "in the zoo." The most bitter of the children's resentments is that when doctors have something important to say, they say it to the parents out in the hallway. When one 14-year-old, for example, heard that the doctor had received permission from her mother for liver surgery, she bitterly grumbled that she should at least have been consulted. "It's my liver," she complained. "What am I, some sort of rat or something?"

The medical profession itself is aware of the conflict between the pediatrician's traditional role as quasi-family doctor and his need for one-to-one ties with the child. Says Dr. David Nathan, Pediatrician in Chief at Sidney Farber and Stranahan professor of pediatrics at Harvard, "We must look at the parents in much the same way as we look at a bag of blood—as a vital support system. We should use them until we've twisted every drop of love from them, but we should remember that it's the child who, together, we're both supposed to be treating."

Another of a doctor's paramount roles, physicians agree, is to provide hope—as Dr. Nathan describes it, "realistic hope, hope that is coupled with firmness and at the same time senses factuality." Jill Chapman, the 19-year-old with Hodgkin's disease, again emphasizes that it is the child who needs to be given that hope as much as the parents. "You can't let your parents be responsible for your outcome. You should be accountable for your own recovery. Giving up has its time and place, but thinking there is no recovery, not grasping on to hope, is the worst of the possible pitfalls."

AT THE END OF THE hospital stay, children and parents depart on the next part of the journey—the outpatient years. During this period, when children are in remission, they live at home and usually go to the hospital for therapy a few times a month. The rest of the time they—together with their families— must try to live normal lives.

Normal lives can be difficult for both psychological and physical reasons. The drugs used in outpatient chemotherapy have many side effects: ulcerations in the mouth, diarrhea, muscular weakness, fever, loss of hair, nausea. Parents, children, and doctors alike, however, say that it is essential to remember that all these side effects go away eventually. "Hair comes back just the way it used to be," says Dr. Frei, "and even if a child's physical growth is slowed by chemotherapy, the growth will spurt to catch up to normal when the drugs are stopped." Knowing that the body repairs itself—and that the drugs themselves can end the cancer—helps many children endure side effects.

Nonetheless, endurance is not easy. Jill Chapman describes a "classic night" after chemotherapy: "I would have just enough time to get home before I'd throw up. Then I'd have dinner, and I'd throw up right away. Then I'd throw up every 10 minutes. Next hour, every 15 minutes, the next, every 20 minutes. Then it became convulsive retching. My mom would rub my stomach—just to make me feel better—and even the touch would tear me apart."

However hard the persistent nausea may be, the children do get used to it. Says Toni Ross, whose eight-year-old contracted leukemia three years ago, "Every time I saw my boy, I thought, 'Oh you poor little thing.' Then one day I noticed that he was walking around with this plastic mixing bowl, watching cartoons. He'd be sick into the bowl, he'd rest, then he would play and watch TV. I was injecting my own feelings into him; I was treating him like a tragedy while he was trying to enjoy life as much as he could."

Most kids—and especially most parents—feel that the worst side effect is losing hair. Susan Lawrence, whose son was four when he was diagnosed with leukemia, now looks back with humor on the time her boy's hair fell out, but you know when you hear her musical laugh that there are still some melancholy notes ringing in her memory. "My son's gorgeous blond curly hair all fell out in one day. We used to stop in a restaurant as a treat on the way back from chemotherapy. That night he sat there in the booth as all his hair fell out in clumps onto the chair. He refused to go back to that restaurant for two years."

But here again, the children themselves adjust. Mrs. Ross tells of a day when other children, yelling "Kojak", chased her child down the block. He came home crying, and she asked if he wanted a wig. "No way," he said. "If they don't like me as I am, they won't like me any better with a wig."

Children's determination to live normally during outpatient periods usually brings them back to school, and professionals urge parents to encourage their youngsters in the effort. One reason is that the child who is finally cured of cancer won't be wholly cured if he can't function in society, if his mental development has come to a standstill. Another reason is that if parents keep a child home, the child may think the unspoken explanation for his truancy is that it doesn't matter anymore, that he may be dying.

Important though school is, however, it presents its own difficulties. Incredible as it may seem, many teachers isolate children because they are afraid that cancer is contagious. Sometimes they fear that the child will keel over and die in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

class. Other teachers just don't understand the physical disabilities the children must deal with. One high-school girl, for example, had a prosthesis and couldn't get to class on time. When an instructor scolded her, she snapped back, "You want me here on time, you just find a cure for cancer."

But eventually, most children learn to clear this hurdle, too, with style. Jill Chapman, for example, tried out for the school musical and was eliminated from the list of finalists. She asked the teacher why, and was brushed off with a cursory consolation. The next day she was back at his door. "You know I can sing better than anyone else." This time he was honest; he said he didn't think that, with her treatments, she'd be up to it. Jill wasn't touched. "Good God, I've lost enough," she retorted, "why make me lose more?" Jill got a part—the lead.

Another aspect of normal childhood is discipline, and here doctors sternly advise that parents lay down the law. However heartless it may seem to scold a pale little kid with no hair, it is far more heartless to make it appear to him—as it will if he is overindulged—that his parents have given up on him. "Of course you're lenient when they're physically ill," says Mrs. Lawrence, "but then you realize they're OK again and running you ragged. A sick child can be very mean." She adds with a laugh: "It's no coincidence that the sign of Cancer is the crab."

THE CHILD HIMSELF IS not the only one to have his life disrupted during the outpatient years; the entire family shares in living with fallout. Brothers and sisters of a child with cancer have little time with their parents. They are usually left out of conversations about the progress of the patient. They feel guilty about their understandable jealousy of the attention the sick child gets, and they often also have guilt feelings that something they said or did caused the illness. Frequently, they are afraid they will get cancer themselves. Susan Lawrence describes the sibling problem more neatly than any physician has: "If you consistently allow the child with cancer to come first, you'll lose the other child as well."

By Dave Martin, 12. After therapy for Wilm's tumor, Dave is fine.

Children's drawings from the Center for Attitudinal Healing, Tiburon, California.

Fathers, too, are frequently the unknown soldiers of the cancer battle. Social workers say that many fathers keep later and later hours at the office. Mothers accuse them of not sharing the burden; they accuse mothers of leaving them out. The divorce statistics for parents in this group, according to most studies, are exactly the norm for the nation, but psychiatrists nonetheless agree that cancer is often a disease that infects the marriage as well as the offspring. Again, Susan Lawrence has learned a way to cope. "Parents go through the disease in different stages," she says. "The father has a socially acceptable way of getting out; and the mother, who deals with it day to day, will be ahead of the game in coping with downturns and grief. But you just have to accept it; marriage vows don't include a promise that you'll both grieve at the same rate."

The blow to the family's finances is almost as great as the blow to their psyches. Dr. Shirley Lansky, of the Department of Pediatrics and Psychiatry at the University of Kansas Medical Center, has studied the problem thoroughly and come up with shocking conclusions. Any disease that costs the family more than 15 percent of yearly gross income is normally considered "catastrophic." Lansky discovered that the *nonmedical costs alone* for having a child with cancer come to 25 percent. The bills roll in: extra food for the patient, food eaten out, lodging for the parents, transportation to the medical center, babysitters, wigs, wardrobes for weight loss and gain. These debts, in addition to medical costs that are not covered by insurance, have left some parents with the chilling thought that bankruptcy could loom at the end of the ordeal.

"The medical-insurance carriers must share some of the blame," says Dr. Miller. "It's obvious why we try to treat children on an outpatient basis as much as possible. But they generally won't cover outpatient care unless the family has a special policy."

The situation, adds Dr. Nathan, hasn't yet gotten to the point where a parent is forced to deny a child treatment because of lack of funds. "We're not in the process of economic medical triage yet," he says. "But government is pulling out of funding, too, so we're getting there."

Such problems—the problems of trying to cope "normally" with an abnormal situation—can be aggravated by the fact that many parents feel they cannot discuss their worries with friends, who, not knowing much about cancer, would not be able to understand the extreme nature of the difficulties. One mother who felt this problem keenly decided to do something about it. Grace Monaco, whose daughter died of leukemia at the age of four, had noticed, during the years the child had been ill, that parents formed spontaneous groups in outpatient waiting rooms, trying to find some relief from the worries they felt only another parent could sympathize with. Thus Mrs. Monaco became one of the founding members of Candlelighters, an organization of parents that now has more than 65 groups established or planned in 35 states, England, and Canada. Candlelighters periodically meet to share burdens and provide reassurance. They have "lifelines"—telephone credit card numbers that parents can use to call each other when they are having trouble in the hospital or out. Their newsletters provide references for articles by experts on many of the problems of outpatient years.

FOR SOME FAMILIES, the outpatient period is abruptly interrupted by relapse, and they must start out on the next, and possibly last, part of the journey. The children who have a relapse, however, are not the only ones who must

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

look down this next road, facing the possibility of death. Children who are doing well may lose friends they have made during their illness; they thus come to know death more intimately than most healthy children do.

How do children cope with the subject of death? Many physicians and psychiatrists believe that only the teenager is concerned about death; that the infant-to-five-year-old group is troubled solely by the prospect of being separated from parents; and that the six-to-10-year-olds fear only pain. Neither of these two younger groups, most doctors say, has the intellectual ability to formulate a concept of death.

Recently, however, some doctors have been turning away from this traditional theory. They suggest that the young child's failure to discuss the subject of death stems not from an inability to intellectualize death, but from the fact that he senses that adults can't face the topic. The child may be thinking about death while the adults are trying not to.

This phenomenon became painfully apparent in one hospital episode. Whenever children died, staff members would tell other children that the missing playmate had been transferred to the 13th floor, another ward in the hospital. One child appeared to accept this explanation without question until it became necessary to move him to the other ward. He became so hysterical that he had to be physically restrained to prevent him from hurting anyone. After a long session of grappling with the little boy, nurses finally understood his panic: He blurted out that he didn't want to go to the 13th floor because anyone who went there, he said, never came back: "That's where kids go to die."

Survival brings with it a happiness spiced with the bittersweet knowledge that relapse may occur any time.

The children are likewise aware when the death that is expected in the ward is going to be their own. One child at Sloan Kettering, for example, drew a picture of a cemetery; a headstone had her name on it, with the dates 1969 - 1978. The children also send signals about their thoughts at play therapy. Margaret Adams tells about one 11-year-old boy who calmly announced that his toy puppet was dying. The other children all insisted that some extraordinary measure could save him, but the child maintained that there was nothing else that could be done. He said his puppet felt nervous and wanted his mother to spend the night. At one point, he upbraided the doll: "Oh, shut up, no one's going to miss you." It was clear, later, that the boy was comforted when his own mother saw the point of his "puppet's" wishes and stayed close by his bedside with words of love.

One might think that death is such a frequent visitor in a hospital that physicians are no longer shaken by its arrival. Not so. Some parents complain that at the time of death, physicians avoided them. But the distress and sometimes even guilt that doctors feel at a child's death—especially when the child had cancer, and thus had been in their care for a number of years—is such a strain that it drives some of them not just from the bedside but out of the ward to another field of work. The best doctors, however, can be identified as much by their ways of dealing with death as by their skills at struggling for life. "The password," says Dr. Nathan, "is to avoid abandonment. If it's clear the child is slipping, and he asks, 'Am I going to die?' I'll say, 'Look, this is a bad situation. We're in trouble. But I'm sticking by you.' "

Children themselves often face death with calm—a calm born not of resignation but of strength. Many children try to reassure their parents; one youngster told her mother, "Don't feel real bad, Mommy, you're getting old and you won't be far behind me." Another asked his parents, "Why are you afraid? I'm the one who's dying." One teenager spoke openly about her funeral to prepare her parents. When friends asked how she felt, she replied, "At peace."

FOR SOME FAMILIES, DEATH is the end of the journey. For others, another road still lies ahead—life in remission. What is the reaction when the child gets a deferment from death? Happiness, of course. But it is a happiness spiced with the bittersweet knowledge that relapse may occur at any time. Cancer is cruelly unpredictable; and neither parents nor children trust the statistics that show there is reason to hope if a child maintains his remission; if he makes it to the end of his drug therapy (often at three years); or if he makes it five years, holding his own without drugs.

These parents walk a tightrope. Medical science has presented them with a new era—one in which their children have extra years, but must live them wondering if they will be their last. "Technology is moving fast," comments Dr. Nir, "but psychological coping is not. The stress of living with cancer for years is more than some people can take. If there is one time when children need help, it's after they have lived for a number of years. Youngsters who have been in remission for five years come in, and they are shaking."

Living with the fear of relapse, rather than despite it, is the goal of many of these young patients. Jill Chapman, after seeing three of her friends die of cancer last fall, recognizes that her own life must perforce be different from the lives of other young adults. "My friends are worrying about what to wear to class—they have minor worries. I have cosmic worries." Nonetheless she is coping. She is back in college and hopes eventually to counsel terminally ill patients. Next week she is giving a presentation in her speech class. The title— "Cancer Is Not a Death Sentence."

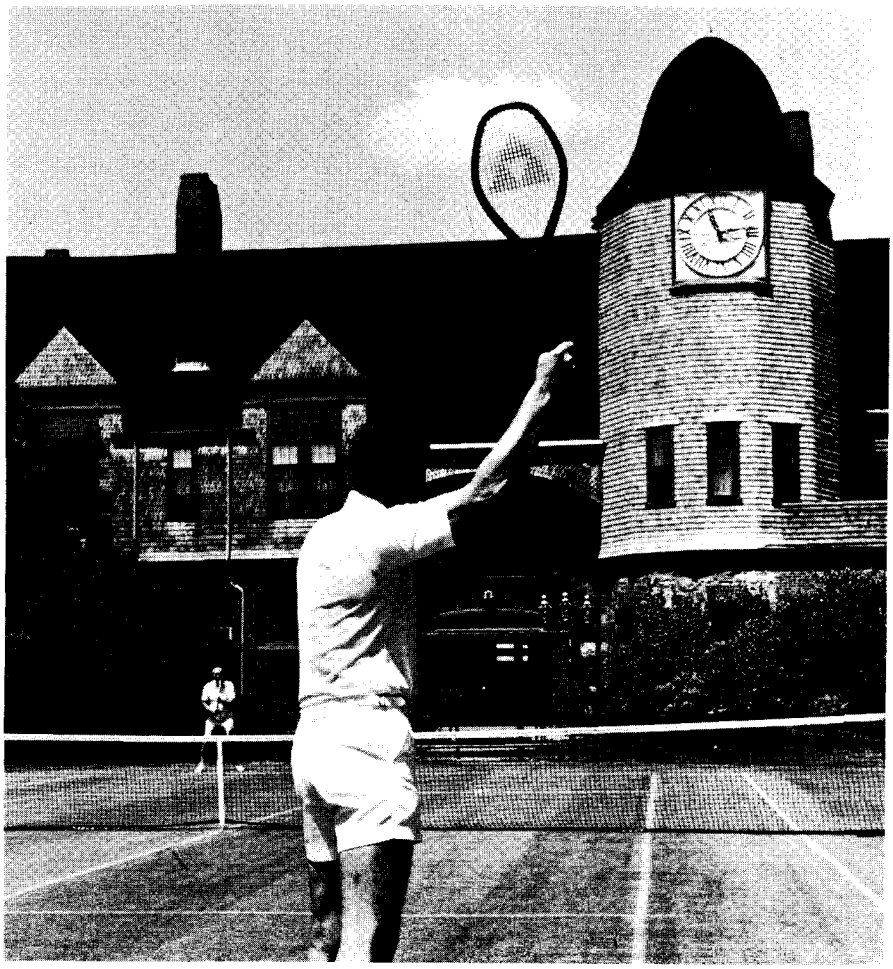
A waiver of a death sentence, however, does not necessarily mean that health problems are over. The intensive therapies sometimes take their toll in later years. There have been some instances of liver damage, kidney damage, cardiac damage. Sterility can be a problem, due to radiation treatment. Some long-term survivors fear that their own offspring may be diseased, as a few childhood cancers appear to be heritable; but the small studies conducted so far show no such problems among most children of former childhood-cancer patients. Second malignancies—not relapses, but new forms of the disease—may be another problem for a small percentage of survivors; how many second cancers are due to a natural susceptibility among cancer patients and how many are due to radiation therapy, researchers are not sure. Whichever, the small percentage of long-term survivors who have contracted a second cancer have done so only a decade or two after their first onslaught of the disease.

Such long-term worries, however, would be luxuries for many children and their parents. They aren't thinking about disease in the year 1999; they are thinking about life in the year 1979. "Today we have each other," says Toni Ross, whose adopted son is their only child. "For how long we don't know. But no one knows. Our son is feeling well; he's swallowing pills, but that's workable. The cancer has brought us a heightened appreciation for the time we have. In a way it's the best thing that's ever happened to us."

Parents and children across the country echo Mrs. Ross's feelings. They regard cancer not so much as a threat to their lives as a challenge to it; as a disease that attacks the body but that may enrich the spirit. One girl spoke for many children with cancer in a note she mailed to her doctor. When he slit open the envelope and unfolded the paper, his eyes fell on a line from a familiar poem. He'd read the words before; but now they took on a new meaning. "I am not afraid of tomorrow," she had written, "for I have seen yesterday, and I live for today." ◉

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Middle Ages, they did it in cloistered courtyards. Henry VIII of England did it. So did France's King Francis I.



Millions of Americans are now doing it, too . . . and can't get enough of it.

For those who do it . . . and for those who watch others do it . . . this is their shrine, the shrine of tennis lovers everywhere.

It's the International Tennis Hall of Fame and Tennis Museum in Newport, Rhode Island, and it's the world's largest repository of information about the ancient game of tennis and the great players of the past and present.

Located in the magnificent Newport Casino on Bellevue Avenue, Newport's famous avenue of great mansions, the Hall of Fame houses a stunning collection of tennis memorabilia . . . paintings, prints, photographs, statuary, costumes, and equipment . . . and a major tennis reference library.

The Museum and Hall of Fame are part of the National Tennis Foundation and Hall of Fame, Inc.—a nonprofit organization dedicated to the advancement of tennis as a national pastime.

Few games in the history of sports in this country have ever involved as many participants as tennis or developed so many passionate afficionados. It's a game in which millions can participate. Few sports provide as pleasant a way of achieving physical fitness.

The Hall of Fame and Museum are supported by tax deductible contributions from friends of tennis. The contributions are needed to expand collections and to keep the museum open seven days a week year round.

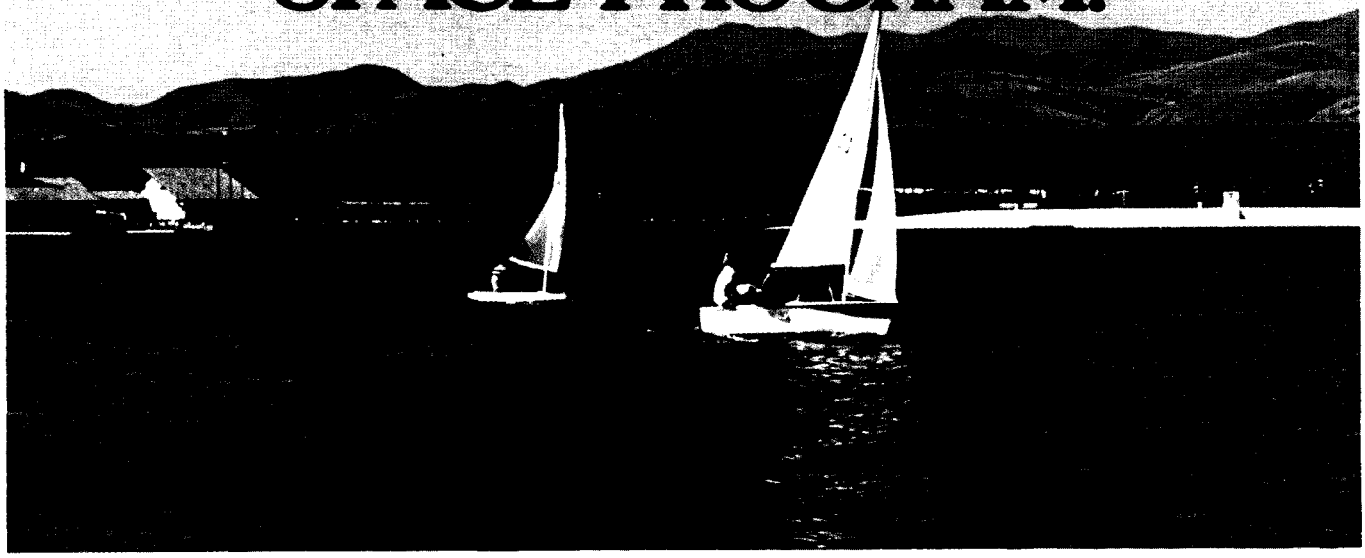
For information on how you can help the International Tennis Hall of Fame advance the game of tennis for the benefit of tennis players and fans everywhere write:

Newport Casino
194 Bellevue Avenue
Newport, Rhode Island 02840

LA 11/1

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MISSION VIEJO SPACE PROGRAM.



It begins from the ground up with an innovative concept in planned communities. Because a place to live is more than just an attractive, affordable home. It involves total environment — and the room to enjoy it. And that's what Mission Viejo is all about.

But that's also just the beginning.

Living space at home.

You'll experience a sense of spaciousness in our neighborhoods. In quality-constructed housing that gives families room to grow. With award-winning floorplans that create a feeling of inner space. And impressive settings of hillside homes that offer spacious yards for more privacy and a beautiful place to enjoy it.

It's what you can expect from a quality builder like Mission Viejo Company. But there's more.

Open space to explore.

Because we know that people also need plenty of living room outside their homes, Mission Viejo offers a flourishing, natural environment. Greenbelts. Equestrian trails. Scenic walkways. Bicycle paths. And carefully-preserved nature areas.

In fact, our master plan includes 1100 acres of open space. And you'll find that because we've planned for the future, you'll enjoy the present even more.

Recreation space for all ages.

For starters, there's Lake Mission Viejo — the community's largest liquid asset which offers 124 blue acres for swimming, sailing, fishing and picnicking on the beach. And since your new home automatically makes you a member of the Lake Mission Viejo Association, you can enjoy a year-round lake-oriented lifestyle, too.

There's also room to become a good sport — by joining our $3.5 million recreation centers. With extensive family-oriented facilities for tennis, swimming, racquetball, volleyball and more. All just for the fun of it.

So come to Mission Viejo. You'll find a space program that'll make a world of difference in the way you live — today and tomorrow as well.

EQUAL HOUSING OPPORTUNITIES

BUILDERS WHO CARE BELONG

Mission Viejo Company, Builders of America's Most Successful New Communities

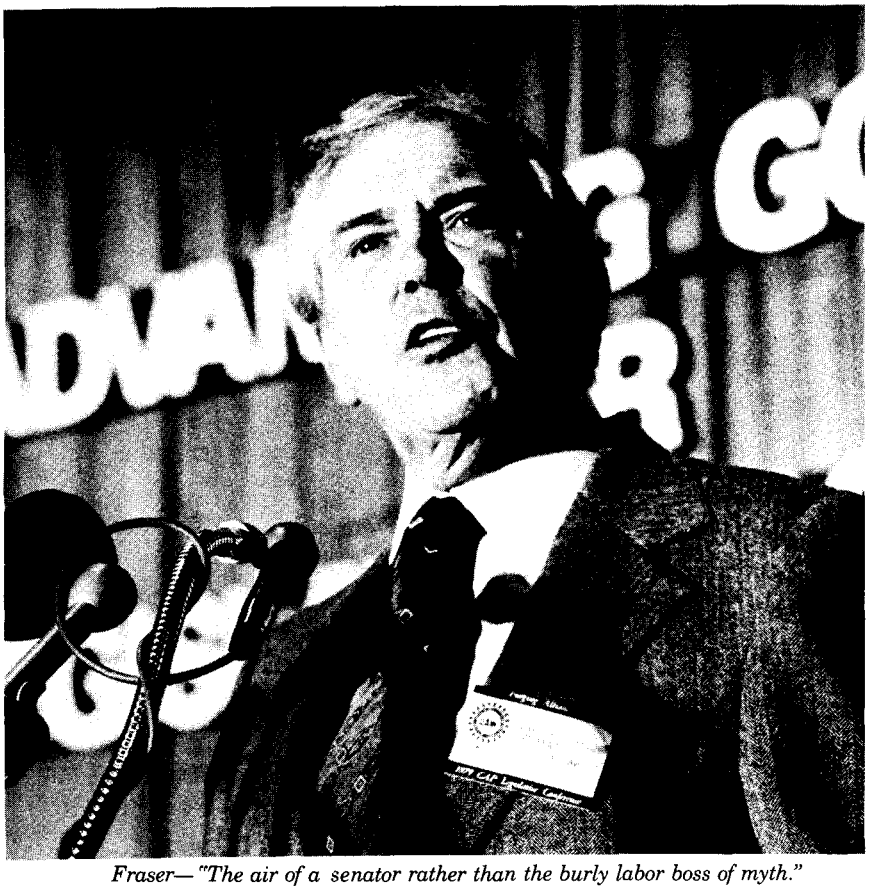
Mission Viejo Company, 26137 La Paz Road, Mission Viejo, CA 92675 (714) 837-6050

LA 11/2

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Douglas Fraser: Labor's Courtly Rebel

by Ron Chernow



Fraser— "The air of a senator rather than the burly labor boss of myth."

WHEN DOUGLAS FRASER, president of the United Auto Workers, resigned last summer from a corporate-union *kaffeeklatsch* called the Labor Management Advisory Group, he fired off a letter that read in part: "I believe leaders of the business community, with few exceptions, have chosen to wage a one-sided class war today in this country.... We in the UAW intend to reforge the links with those who believe in struggle: the kind of people who sat down in the factories in the 1930s and who marched in Selma in the 1960s."

Fraser's radicalism reads like a bolt from the blue in this time of well-advertised labor senescence. Far from rallying round the flag of class conflict and political activism, most labor leaders, watching their turf steadily dwindle away, have become more and more defensive. The demise of their power has become axiomatic: A shrinking membership, an alienated rank and file, and a growing public hostility have combined to shovel out a grave for organized labor. Big Business has watched gleefully as labor has lost one battle after another in Congress.

But Doug Fraser isn't ready to roll over. The head of the one-and-a-half-million-member union may be labor's last best hope. For Fraser, "bread-and-butter unionism"—with its narrow focus on bargaining gains alone—subverts labor's evergreen mission of improving *all* of society. Convinced that unions have grown too chummy with Big Business and the White House—and too estranged from allies among the poor and powerless—Fraser has been trying to jockey labor into a new fighting stance. He has placed his own union at the cutting edge of reform both on political and workplace issues. He has spearheaded opposition within the Democratic party to President Carter's proposed cuts in social welfare spending. And over the past year, Fraser has singlehandedly assembled an umbrella group called the Progressive Alliance, the boldest attempt of the late Seventies to cobble back together the New Deal coalition of liberal and labor groups. With 20 AFL-CIO unions already in the fold, the alliance suggests that American unionists won't quietly submit to the euthanasia predicted for it by the American press.

The obstacles in labor's path do not encourage optimism. The evolution of the American economy continues to emasculate unions. The militant wing of American labor was incubated in those manufacturing industries—auto, steel, rubber, etc.—that formed workers into homogeneous masses; unions could harness a unity already shaped on the shop floor. But union organizing has pretty much reached a saturation point in these basic industries. And the blue-collar sector *in toto* continues to shrink apace, with most new workers filling white-collar posts.

At the same time, the new wave of white-collar employees has proven cool toward union organizers. Their taste for class struggle has been dulled by higher wages and better benefits than those enjoyed by their unionless blue-collar brethren. Ironically, the success of organized labor in pumping up the salary level has only made unions seem more expendable to the unorganized. The number of workers holding union cards has diminished from 35 percent of the labor force after

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fraser (center) organizing the Progressive Alliance with Rafe Pomerance, legislative director of Friends of the Earth; Benjamin Hooks, director of the NAACP; Ellie Smeal, president of NOW; and Cesar Chavez, president of the United Farm Workers.

World War II to only 20 percent today.

The Seventies have added the runaway shop to the catalogue of miseries. In the pre-auto age, factories tended to cluster around the ports and lakes of the Northeast. Companies recruited immigrant labor that had already been exposed to socialist ideas in Europe; they were ripe for unionization. But business no longer has to fuss with lockouts or club-swinging Pinkertons, for it now has the surgically clean option of moving to the Sunbelt. Here it can shop among 20 cheap-labor states that boast right-to-work laws. And with the postwar breakthroughs in telecommunications—microwave relays, satellite signals, etc.—many companies are liberated from old transportation networks and are free to wander the globe.

Is Doug Fraser the Superman who will counter these colossal threats and galvanize labor into a second youth? At first glance he seems suited for different honors: His photogenic grin and silver hair give him the air of a senator rather than the burly labor boss of myth. Though Fraser probably swills his share of beer, he seems to prefer a light glass of chablis. His speeches are often cluttered with cornball pieties about American democracy and liberalism. But the patrician air belies a toughness to which corporate negotiators will ruefully attest. And Fraser is earthy enough to know Washington's cut-rate diners as well as its swankiest eateries. Withal, he's a relaxed, cheerful man with a glandular optimism. For sheer style, he seems right for the post-industrial labor movement.

Fraser's career, shifting gradually from factory confrontation to bureaucratic statesmanship, calls to mind changes in the labor scene itself. As a high-school dropout during the Depression, the teenage fender-smoother was fired for placarding one Michigan plant with FDR victory notices in 1936. He can vividly recall seeing hands and fingers chewed up in the stamping machinery at his DeSoto plant. By 25, Fraser had parlayed his high spirits and winsome grin into the presidency of a UAW local. He attended meetings of Communists, Socialists, and the International Workers of the World, but he always remained a nonpartisan radical with a deep suspicion of rigid ideology. After negotiating a landmark pension deal with Chrysler in 1951, Fraser was tapped by UAW president and liberal idol Walter Reuther as his administrative assistant. He spent the next two decades as a UAW troubleshooter and Chrysler bargainer.

After Reuther died in a plane crash in 1970, Fraser, his protégé, was in a strategic position to become union president and was touted by many as an odds-on favorite. But he didn't really contest an election bid against Leonard Woodcock, now ambassador to China, for fear of internecine warfare in the union. This gracious gesture helped make Fraser a revered leader in the UAW long before he became president in May 1977.

"In many ways, Doug enjoys a warmer and closer rapport with the local leadership than Walter did," says Victor Reuther, confirming that his brother had long groomed Fraser for his present role. "He's youthful, he's bright, and has more of a capacity to share administrative responsibilities. I fully expect that he'll go way beyond Walter or Woodcock."

As top cat at America's second biggest union, with auto, aerospace, and agricultural-implement workers, Fraser makes $58,000 a year. In contrast, Teamster chief Frank Fitzsimmons banks three times that much and has access to a private fleet of Teamster jets that chauffeur him to favorite California golf links.

"We have to accept some of the blame," concedes the 62-year-old Fraser, when challenged over labor's plummet in the popularity polls. "I think labor leaders who accept salaries of $150,000 a year and engage in lavish living contribute to an image that is not good for the labor movement."

But image, Fraser recognizes, is a symptom of labor's problems rather than the problem itself. Above all, he has sought to restore labor's original ties with liberal organizations and grass-roots politics. These tactics have placed him squarely in the path of George Meany, AFL-CIO boss and cigar-chomping exemplar of modern labor. Meany has long advocated a neutral role for the AFL-CIO in party politics, with political leverage exerted through lobbying machinery on Capitol Hill and power brokering at Democratic conventions. Whether opposing Carter's anti-inflation program or blocking the entry of some Soviet trade unionist, Meany's posture often appears obstructive. His protectionism has deepened labor's parochial image.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By contrast, at the Democratic midterm conference, held in Memphis in December, Fraser created a new role for American unionism in the 1980s. Long a powerhouse in Michigan Democratic politics, Fraser contends that a more disciplined and ideologically coherent Democratic party is the linchpin of labor's comeback. On the convention floor, he emerged as the leader of the liberal troops, piloting the controversial resolution that opposed cutbacks for social services in the Carter budget. A jittery White House had to marshal 40 floor whips against Fraser, but wound up with only 60 percent of the votes. Afterwards, Landon Butler, a deputy of Hamilton Jordan, confessed, "I think the real winner of this thing is Doug Fraser."

"Doug Fraser has become one of the two or three most important liberal leaders in the country," says Michael Harrington, the Socialist author and Democratic party activist. "He is now in an extremely important, if not commanding, position within the broad liberal coalition. I can't remember when a trade unionist has had that kind of position."

Fraser has solidified this unique position through his establishment of the Progressive Alliance. "When we began to organize the alliance, the thing that struck me was that the right wing was beginning to have ideas," says Fraser. "Before they were always just the protectors of the status quo. But now they have all these think tanks and Kemp-Roth. We thought, when was the last time we had a liberal think tank to think through innovative solutions to these problems?"

Fraser himself doesn't have the answers, but he *is* a fast study—a facilitator instead of an original thinker. He chaired the breakfast meeting that christened the Progressive Alliance. It was a startling fusion of old and new left. Laborites hobnobbed with minority groups they'd clashed with over affirmative action or environmentalists they'd sparred with on atomic power. Fraser has attracted to the alliance not only stalwart liberal unions like the Machinists and Municipal Employees, but more traditional ones like the Plumbers and Operating Engineers, perhaps foreshadowing a leftward turn for labor in the 1980s.

Fraser didn't come across as a flamboyant leader—he lacks the John L. Lewis gift of vocal thunder—but he has the right peacemaking virtues for coalition-building. For several years now, the New Deal combination has been splintered into single-issue groups, and many at the breakfast meeting seemed to wear group affiliations like a dog tag. When Bella Abzug

The civilized way to see Greece.

There are many brochures around that give you bits and pieces of Greece.

Traveline's book gives you the whole Greece. It's packed with sun and fun. Greek Isles' cruises. Tours of Classical Greece. Elegant escorted tours.

Many plans add Egypt or Israel. All include *scheduled* service on the No. 1 nonstop airline to Greece, Olympic Airways.

Mail this or see your travel agent.

But don't see Greece without seeing our book. You'd miss too much.

Get the complete, unabridged book on Greece.

TRAVELINE

For free book, mail to Traveline, Inc., 635 Madison Ave., NY, NY 10022
Other offices: Beverly Hills, Falls Church, VA; Hollywood, FL; Indianapolis, Toronto.

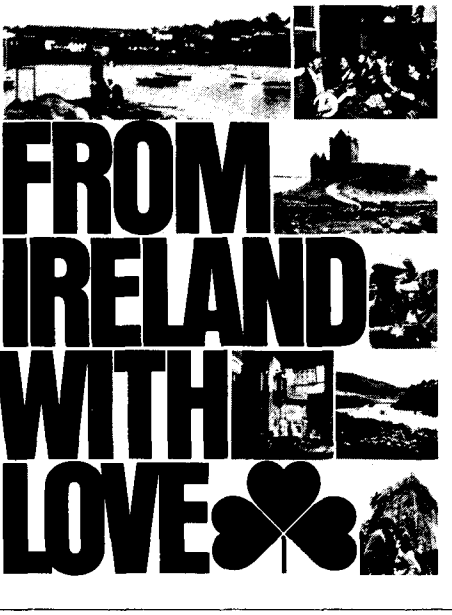
Name Address

City State Zip Travel Agent

SR

Ireland...friendly, unspoiled, inviting, exciting. From sightseeing to shopping, from castles to cottages, to the Abbey Theatre. And it's described to perfection in this beautiful 32-page full color book. Take the first step toward a perfect vacation by writing, then see your travel agent.

IRISH TOURIST BOARD
Box 1200
Long Island City, New York 11101



IRISH TOURIST BOARD, BOX 1200, LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y. 11101

Please send me your free, 32-page color book, "From Ireland With Love."

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

MY TRAVEL AGENCY IS

FA-92

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE IRISH TO LOVE IRELAND

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blasted the statement of principles as inadequately concerned with women and minorities, Fraser, preacher-patient, replied, "Well, I regret that it doesn't do that, because obviously the thrust of this organization should be along the lines that Bella suggested. Let us take a hand in rewriting that."

At another point, a feisty progressive farmer sought the inclusion of language favoring worker representation on company boards. It was a ticklish moment for Fraser, who had publicly called on Chrysler in 1976 to match an offer made to British auto workers and appoint two laborers to its board.

"As a trade unionist, I happen to believe that workers should be represented on every board of directors," said Fraser, trying hard not to alienate more conventional allies. "But I can also tell you that in the labor movement, I'm a lonely voice on that." He smiled whimsically. "Of course, I happen to think they're wrong." He then shunted the issue aside by proposing it for a position paper.

Can the Progressive Alliance revivify liberalism and social unionism in America? Some immediate problems loom: The fragile coalition may get swept up in the turbulence of presidential politics and lose its brittle unity. And since foreign policy still bulks as the major divisive issue between dovish liberals and the more hawkish unions, the SALT debate may be tough to weather. But on the plus side, the alliance is being welded under the pressure of a conservative floodtide, always the best lubricant for the friction-prone left. For the unions in particular, the profusion of runaway shops and right-to-work committees—not to mention the structural changes in post-industrial society—menaces them in a way that cannot be handled at the bargaining table alone. Business unionists have won high wages for their members, but not job security. The Progressive Alliance will at least provide an opportunity to tackle the larger issues of full employment and national planning that alone can finish the larger agenda of labor.

While patching up old liberal ties, Fraser has loosened the tether binding the UAW to the car companies. At the start of his term, he sided with the Big Three in pleading the virtues of big gas-guzzling cars. But then he bucked Detroit in endorsing airbags as long as there was a seat-belt option. Fraser has made his motto clear: "The closer we get to the industry, the more we get contaminated."

In recent years, GM has planned or built a dozen plants in the South and has fought doggedly to keep the UAW and its members out. Fraser felt that this "southern strategy" violated a neutrality pact between company and union. In a rare display of brinksmanship, he appealed to President Carter to discourage U.S. investment in South Africa—GM is a major investor there—and audaciously announced plans to send UAW delegations to probe conditions in American plants there. Fraser further applied pressure on GM by resigning from the Labor Management Advisory Group. The psychological warfare worked. Last fall, GM announced that it would grant preferential hiring treatment to UAW members at its new plants.

"Doug can be charming and capricious with the people in Washington, but he's very, very tough," says one auto negotiator who has gone eyeball-to-eyeball with Fraser over the years. "He's a completely self-educated man and he's got a fantastic mind."

A more baffling problem than corporate flight for the UAW may be Detroit's push for a lighter, more economical car. While the UAW applauds the effort, it recognizes that the small post-OPEC roadsters won't require as many hands to produce. Some industry observers forecast a 10 percent decline in the auto workforce by 1990.

A negotiator calls Fraser 'charming and capricious, but very, very tough.'

"We can now, in a practical way, envisage a robotized assembly line," says UAW vice-president Irving Bluestone. "Till now, assembly plants have been highly labor-intensive. But it is anticipated that, in a decade or so, about 90 percent of the machinery and equipment that's brought in could or will be computer-controlled."

In contrast to some Luddite segments of organized labor, the UAW has always plumed itself on its support for technological innovation. How, then, does one harmonize this with job security? Fraser's solution has been to tout the four-day work week and more paid holidays as job-creating measures. And lest the UAW wither in the post-industrial age, he is stepping up efforts to recruit Detroit's white-collar legions. So far the UAW has enjoyed substantial success with Chrysler office workers, but has totally struck out at GM. The outlook here appears clouded. Though white-collar alienation may provide an opening wedge for unions, such disaffection can never be the powerful stimulus to unionization that poor wages and brutish conditions were in the Thirties. It remains to be seen, too, whether the revival of the Rooseveltian coalition will enhance labor's public image as it tries to organize service-sector employees.

For 25 years after World War II, American unionism coasted along on a buoyant economy, based on cheap fuel and domination of world markets. But in the slow growth or stagnant economy of the future, there may be no automatic wage gains to brandish before members each year. More and more, Washington will be the arbiter of prices and salaries.

The forward-looking Fraser has already begun considering this eventuality: "I think that the unions would have to be sufficiently innovative to provide other services for their members," he remarks. "For example, why can't we have social workers at the workplace?" The idea was a trifle utopian, but it was a charming foible to encounter in an American unionist. Already the UAW has launched programs to combat alcohol and drug abuse and Fraser talks animatedly of the prepaid legal services program at Chrysler. In February the UAW and The Big Three also unveiled an innovative health-care program that will scrap the old fee-for-service and substitute flat monthly charges. Fraser says that the plan would save Michigan employers $60 per worker per month—and is happy to add that this would free more cash for wage increases.

One of the paradoxical things about Fraser is that though more radical than many of his colleagues in labor, he is also more cooperative in his attitude toward American society as a whole. Whether opposing Vietnam or marching for civil rights in the South in the early Sixties, he has managed to articulate the larger needs of America while satisfying the more immediate needs of his membership. Where the adversary spirit of Gomperism has long held sway among American unionists, Fraser is intrigued by the European "social contract" arrangement, with its three-sided bargaining among labor, business, and government. Under the social contract, labor can swap wage restraint in return for tax reform or beneficial government programs. Such a system is, at bottom, much more congenial to Fraser than the "class warfare" to which he occasionally alludes.

So one is ultimately left with a paradoxical sense of Fraser as a mild-mannered militant, a courtly rebel in labor's camp. He brings a fresh, if still rudimentary, vision to the fray. And he has all the right political instincts in his campaign to rejuvenate trade unionism. Reports of labor's death may be, if Fraser has his way, premature.◉

Ron Chernow is a regular contributor to Saturday Review.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wherever you're coming from come to us.

The natural you. How long since you rediscovered it? You can, in Trinidad & Tobago. Whatever kind of "you" you are. Because our two-island country simply offers more than any other island destination.

You're the quiet type? Lively? Sporting? Fine. Trinidad will excite you. Tobago will delight you. Taste our cosmopolitan restaurants. See our horse races. Hear the thwack of a cricket ball in our parks. Dive our reefs. Sail. Play tennis, superb golf.

Live, in the natural beauty of our green hills, blue seas, golden beaches. Love our hummingbirds, Scarlet Ibis', and brilliant Birds of Paradise.

And if you're people people, you'll go for ours. Richly varied. Natural. Warm and exuberant. Did you know they actually created the steel band, calypso and the Limbo?

Come, come soon to Trinidad & Tobago. Just the two of us. Terrific BWIA packages make it all so easy. Just ask your travel agent, or any BWIA International office. Or the Trinidad & Tobago Tourist Office in New York: Suite 712-14, 400 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Tel: (212) 838-7750. In Miami: the Trinidad & Tobago Tourism & Trade Center, Suite 702, 200 S.E. First Street, Miami, Fla. 33131. Tel: (305) 374-2056.

BWIA International

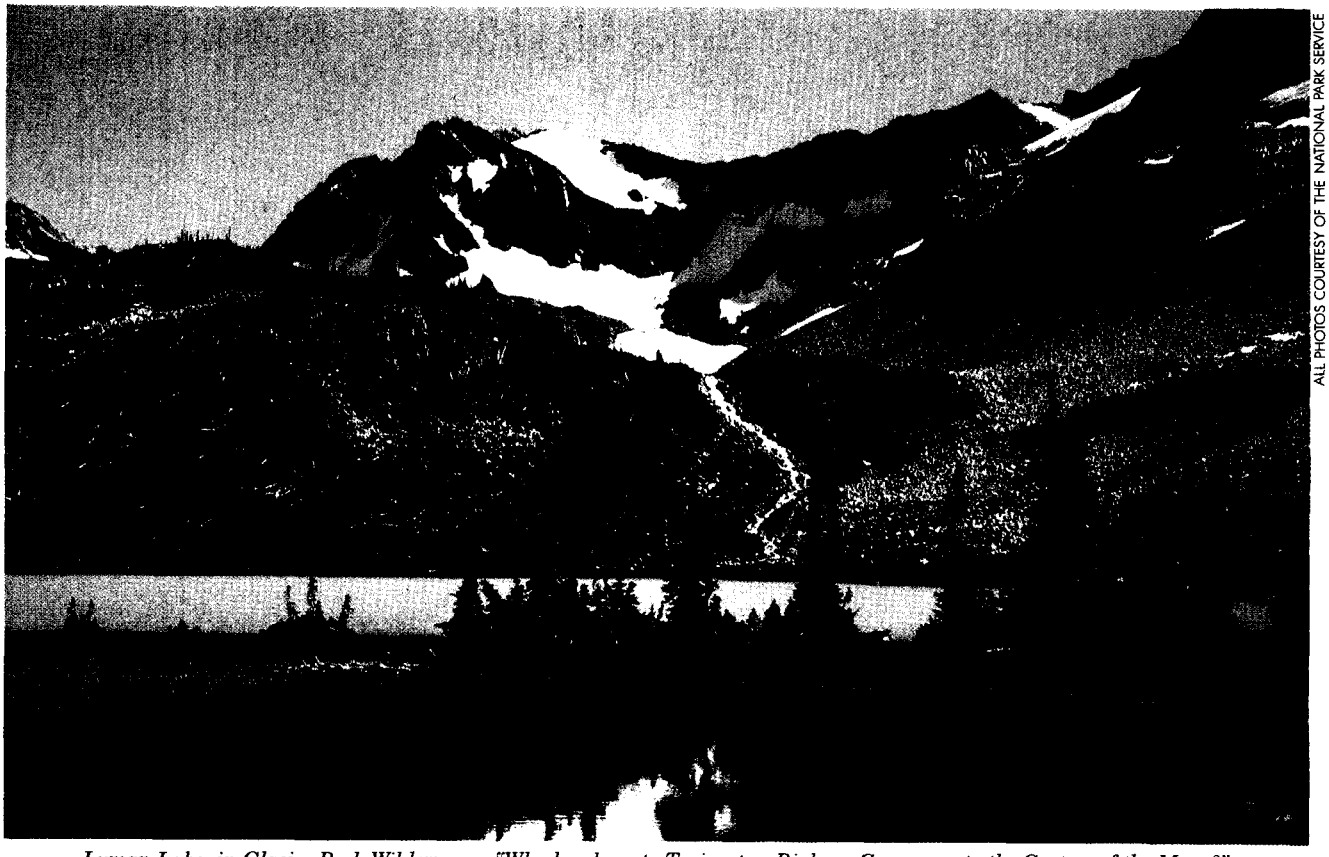
Trinidad & Tobago

The natural choice

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New American Outback

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE outdoors has always been there, of course, but America's predominantly urban society is only now discovering new ways to use it. Some find nirvana (if not acrophobia) jumping out of airplanes (parachutes attached, of course). Others, equally airborne, view the spectacle from a hang-glider. Still others are in parachutes tethered to motorboats. Campers find silvery glens alongside rushing streams, others merely journey about the back alleys of the nation to collect: old bottles, beach glass, rocks, baseball cards, or matchbook covers. In the cluster of essays that follows, there are words on National Parks you've never heard of, a selection of trips by means you've never tried to places you've never known. And, as well, there is lively exposition of a new form of combat called Birding, which is not for the birds, but for people, especially competitive types. —H.S.



ALL PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

Lyman Lake, in Glacier Peak Wilderness— "Who has been to Tuzigoot or Bighorn Canyon or to the Craters of the Moon?"

Is There Life After Yosemite?

by Horace Sutton

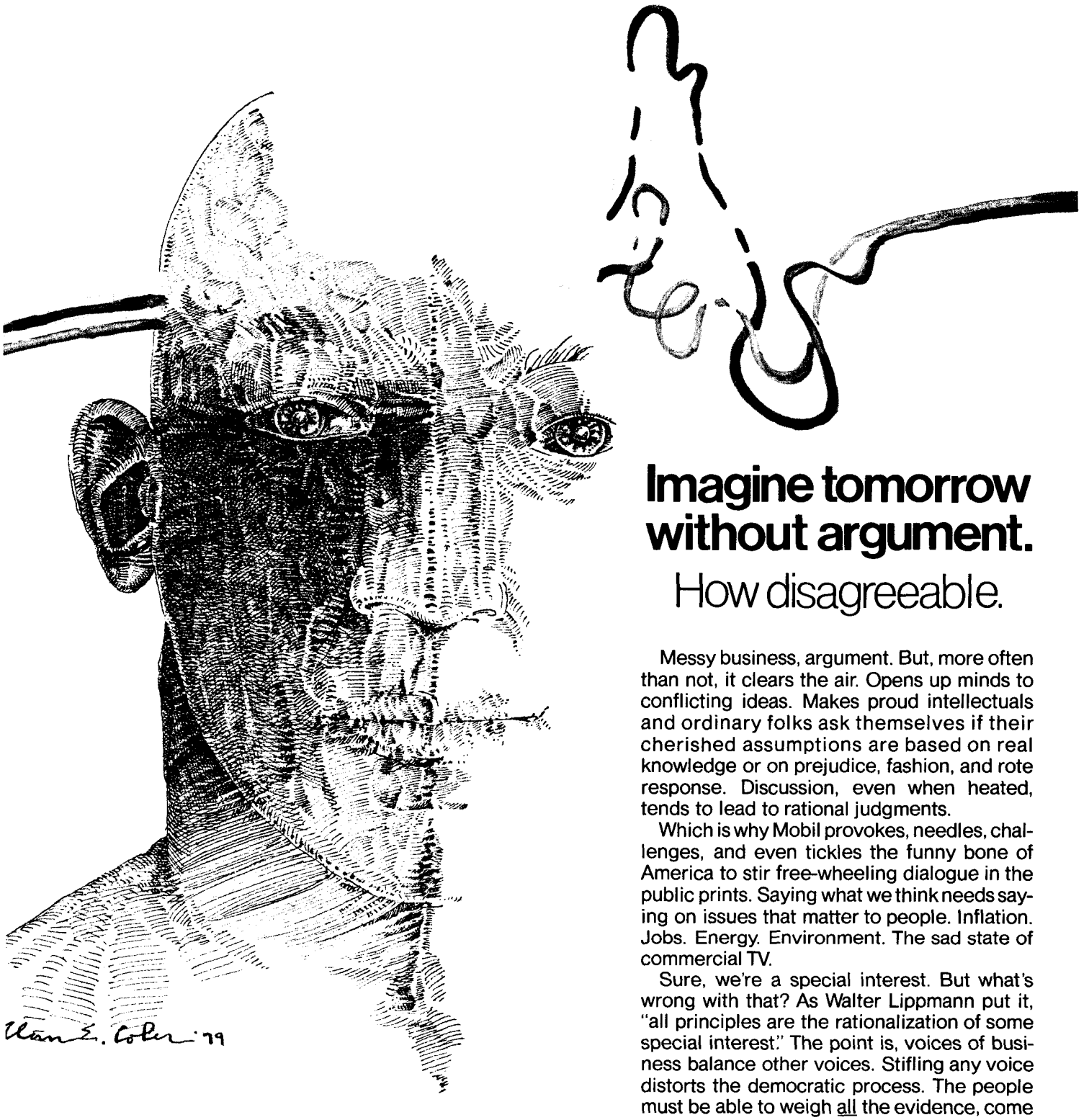
THE BEAR JAMS that once held up traffic in Yellowstone are only a memory now, the National Park people say. The bears have been moved to high ground, and visitors have been taught, at last, that feeding bears is better left to zoo keepers. Now there are only people jams caused by refugees from urban America seeking a whiff of nature. Too often they get little more than a whiff from the tail pipe of the car in front. Great Smokies National Park has been clocking 11½ million visits a year, Yellowstone and Yosemite about 2 to 3 million each. Nearly 15½ million people tour the Blue Ridge Mountain Parkway.

But who has been to Tuzigoot or Bighorn Canyon or Ocmulgee or to Craters of the Moon? All those are among the lesser-known places within America's National Park System. The whole network includes not just parks, but National Recreation Areas, National Historic Sites, National Seashores, and such National Preserves as Big Cypress in Florida and Big Thicket in Texas. Half of the listings tended by the National Park Service are historical and many are monumental—Thomas Edison's Laboratory, Grant's Tomb, and the Statue of Liberty with its Museum of American Immigration among them.

To take the pressure off the big and often overrun national parks, the Park Service publishes a book whose title is at once a plea and a suggestion. It is called *Visit a Lesser-Used Park*. A new edition is on the presses.

The listings offer an enormous choice of interests. Saint-Gaudens National Historic Site in New Hampshire is a memorial to the American sculptor, and includes his home, his studios, and his garden.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Imagine tomorrow without argument.

How disagreeable.

Messy business, argument. But, more often than not, it clears the air. Opens up minds to conflicting ideas. Makes proud intellectuals and ordinary folks ask themselves if their cherished assumptions are based on real knowledge or on prejudice, fashion, and rote response. Discussion, even when heated, tends to lead to rational judgments.

Which is why Mobil provokes, needles, challenges, and even tickles the funny bone of America to stir free-wheeling dialogue in the public prints. Saying what we think needs saying on issues that matter to people. Inflation. Jobs. Energy. Environment. The sad state of commercial TV.

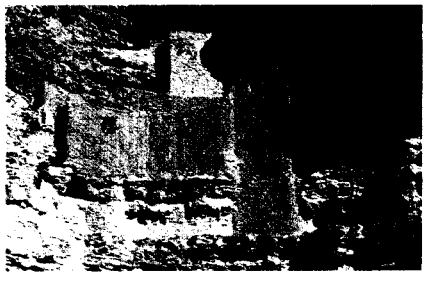
Sure, we're a special interest. But what's wrong with that? As Walter Lippmann put it, "all principles are the rationalization of some special interest." The point is, voices of business balance other voices. Stifling any voice distorts the democratic process. The people must be able to weigh all the evidence, come to their own conclusions, and press their views on our national leaders. So future decisions in our participatory democracy will be based on the noblest wisdom of the past—the First Amendment.

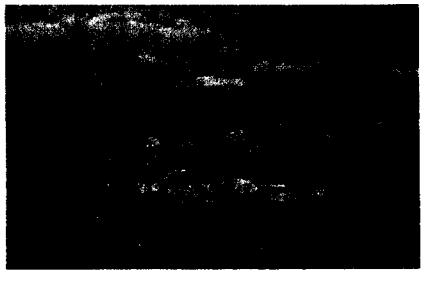
Mobil

Speaking out for tomorrow... today

©1979 Mobil Corporation

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Clockwise from top: Channel Islands, a California rookery 12 miles offshore; Appomattox, site of Lee's surrender in Virginia; Bighorn Canyon, near a Crow reservation in Montana; the ocher-colored formations at Arches National Park, near Moab, Utah; cliff dwellings, Montezuma Castle, Arizona; Gulf Islands National Seashore, near Pensacola, Florida—"Refugees seeking a whiff of nature."

Craters of the Moon, a National Monument in Idaho, ought to have a lunar location rather than a patch of earth 18 miles southwest of Arco, Idaho. It hisses and bubbles with fissure eruptions, displays volcanic cones, lava flows, and caves.

Andersonville National Historic Site makes a commemorative locale of the infamous Confederate prison whose chronicle was recorded by MacKinlay Kantor. The nearest lodging is in Americus, Georgia, in Carter country.

Antietam, marking General Lee's first invasion of the North in 1862, and Appomattox, marking his surrender three years later, are both parks. Both have picnic and camping areas. The town of Appomattox has been restored, while at Antietam there are demonstrations of Civil War weaponry. Campers who visit here can also pitch their tents along the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, five miles away. Seekers of real beds will find proper lodging in Sharpsburg.

The dauntless can ride with Custer whose last outing was at Little Bighorn 103 Junes ago. The battlefield is a National Monument, and one can camp nearby on turf that knew the hoofbeats of the Sioux, the Cheyenne, and the Seventh U.S. Cavalry.

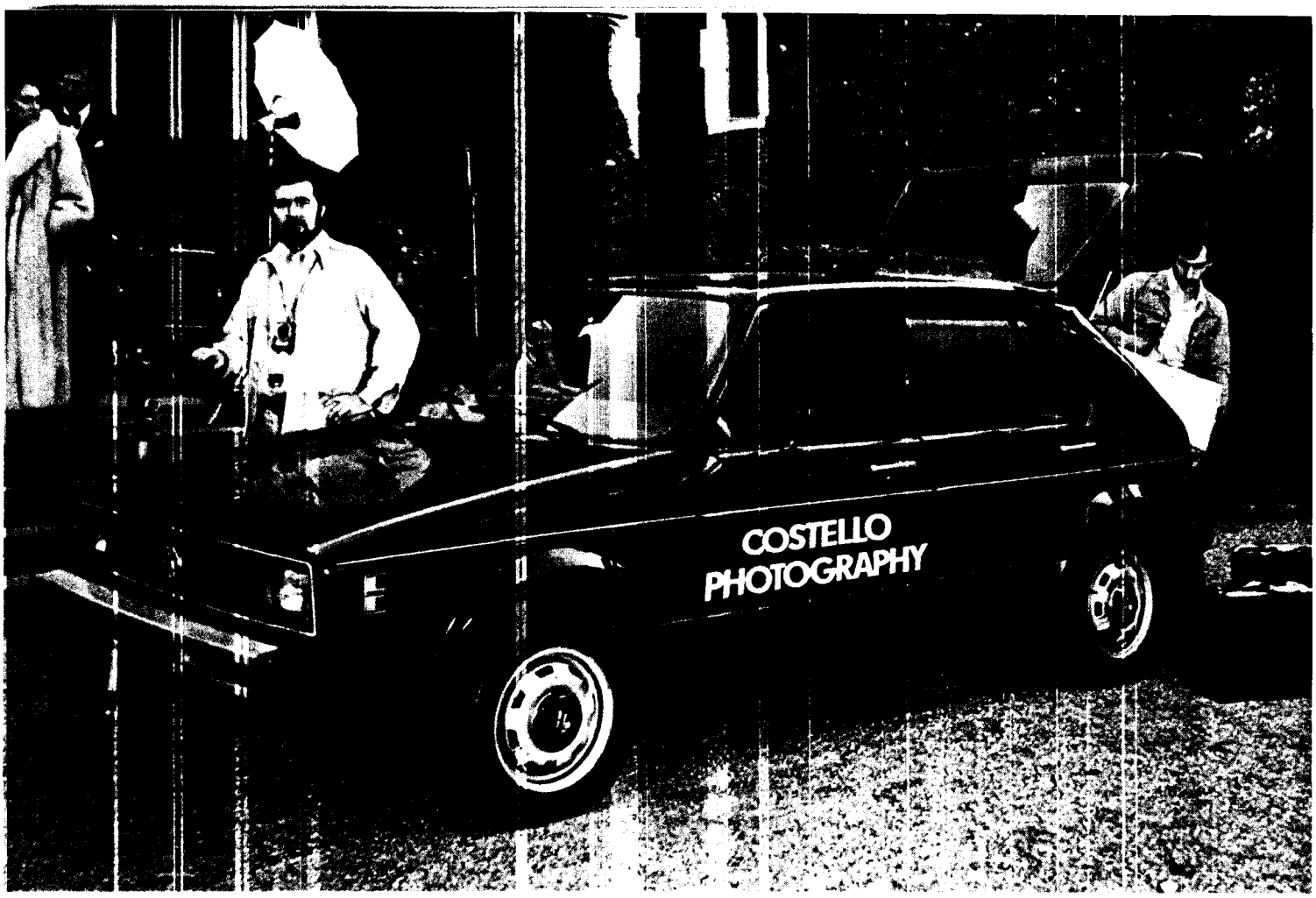
The best Indian ruins in the U.S. lie within the limits of a lesser-known preserve called Chaco Canyon at Bloomfield, New Mexico.

Utah's greatest parks—Arches, with its weird, ocher-hued rock formations, and Canyonlands with its Indian markings and geologic oddities, mesas, peaks, and spires, are not crowded probably because they do not lie along the major east-west highways. The big Interstates don't course through Utah, leaving the parks unfettered by hordes of visitors. Still, one can find tours both by safari wagon and river raft, some of which camp in the bush.

Great beachlands have been set aside at such waterside locales as Fire Island, facing the Atlantic 35 miles from New York City; the primitive Gulf Islands, reachable by boat from Biloxi, Mississippi; and the Channel Islands National Monument, occupied by a nest of sea lions which inhabit islands 12 miles off Oxnard, California, north of Los Angeles.

Shunpike travelers ought to choose among lesser-known parks according to their individual interests. Indian mavens to Tuzigoot, Civil War buffs to Shiloh, outdoorspersons to Katmai, Alaska, home of the big brown bear, the bald eagle, and the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. It's April, everybody. Wagons, ho! ◉

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



RABBIT AND COSTELLO.

How did photographer Marty Costello happen to opt for a VW Rabbit?

"I was shooting for the performance," answered Costello.

See, every day Rabbit and Costello travel the 35 miles round trip from Hammond, Indiana (where they live), to downtown Chicago (where they work). That's a lot of miles.

And a lot of driving in temperatures that plummet to a merciless 20° below in winter and climb all the way up to a sticky, not-so-terrific 100° in summer.

"So why a Rabbit?" we asked.

"Look," he said, "my Rabbit and I have been performing together for over a year now, and we're still going strong. Why? I'll tell you why. I get a lot for my dollar with it. I get a comfortable ride, great visibility, incredible road handling with front-wheel drive, and sensational service from people who are even friendlier than I am."

Nicely put, Mr. Costello.

"And don't forget," he added, "my work has me hopping around all over the place. I need a car that can get me everywhere quickly and comfortably. One that's rugged enough to be driven almost anyplace, anytime. With my Rabbit, I've got a lot more than just a car with enough room to pack all my cameras, props and lighting equipment. I've got a pretty good idea that everything will always arrive in one piece."

Then we asked Costello one final question.

"You seem to get a million calls a day. What determines which job you take?"

To which he replied, with an appropriately devilish grin:

"Who's on first."

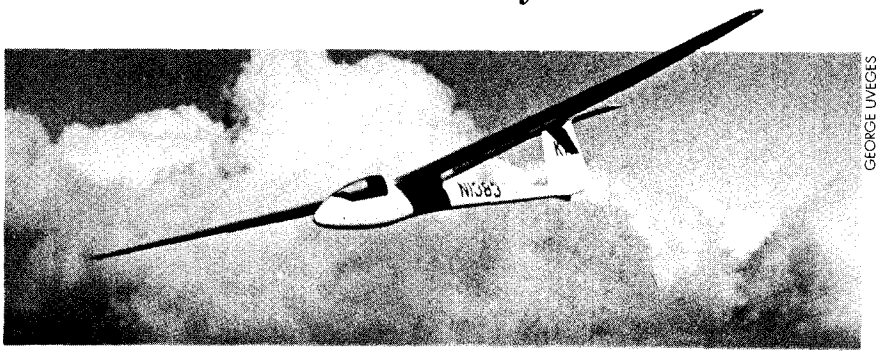
VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

© volkswagen of America.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Twenty Off-Trail Trips for Offbeat Travelers

by Susan Ochshorn


GEORGE UVEGES

WILDERNESS SOUTHEAST

SOUTHWEST SAFARIS

Soaring over southern California, top, canoeing on the Ogeechee, above, and trekking in New Mexico—"No 747!"

Jeeping in the desert. In The Tracks of Fremont, a Nevada outpost, invites you to follow across the Mojave Desert and the Great Basin, through hot springs, salt flats, sagebrush, sage steppes, and marshes. Small groups of 15 travel in GMC trucks accompanied by expert naturalists eager to impart skills for survival in the desert and to share their historical and cultural knowledge of this frontier. Eight days and nights for $615.

Pack-tripping in the Chiricahua Mountains. If you love to go a-wanderin' with your knapsack on a back that is not your own, this trip is for you. Price Canyon Ranch in Douglas, Arizona, is home base for four- to 12-day horseback explorations of more than 400 miles of wilderness trails that range through altitudes from 5,000 to 9,000 feet. Clinics orient inexperienced pack-trippers. Rates are $50 per day per person including food, lodging, instruction, and all gear except personal belongings.

Canoeing on the Ogeechee River. Georgia's mid-Piedmont is the home of this untamed, black-water river. Pines, palmetto, unexplored swamps, magnolias, and giant cypresses. For seekers of wildlife, this Southern Safari provides occasional glimpses of otters and alligators as well as a large storehouse of not-so-wild shrimp and clams. Wilderness Southeast, a self-described "school of the outdoors" based in Savannah, provides careful and dedicated guidance in river exploration. Camping, good meals, and a shuttle to get you back to your car at trip's end. Departures May 20, July 19, October 5, and November 2. May trip is six days, July trip is four; the others are three days

Heli-skiing in the wilds of Wyoming. Tired of battling the claustrophobic crush of your neighborhood ski slopes? A solution is at hand. From December through April you can hop on a helicopter in Jackson Hole and be transported to a winter wonderland of deep-powdered solitude in the Teton National Forest area. Not a soul in sight. Just you and the snow. Single runs, $25; 20 runs, $450; 50 will cost you $1,000.

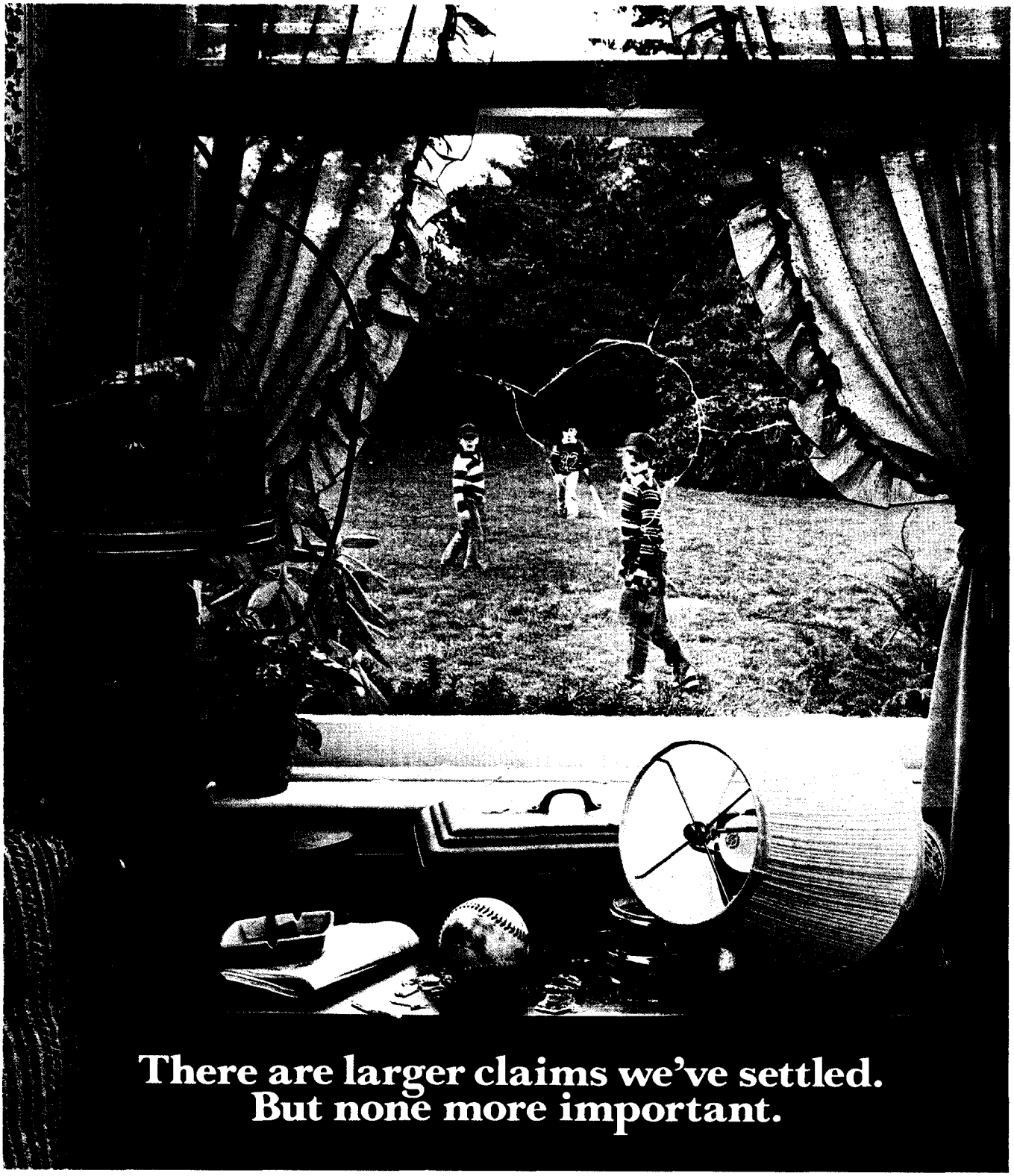
Mountaineering in New Hampshire. Contrary to what the rest of the country may think, the East has places to climb mountains. Mount Washington Valley is one. Beginner and intermediate climbers can sign up with North Country Mountaineering in Hanover for 15-day excursions preceded by intensive instructions in rock climbing and mountaineering. Small groups spend the first week in the valley ascending eight peaks and the second week in picturesque Franconia Notch. Provisions, guides, and instruction will run you $550.

Soaring from the stars. The sailplane sure ain't no 747! Engineless, it rises on currents of air, swirling about in space. For adventures in flight, the Santa Monica-based Soaring Society of America will provide all the rules of the game as well as a directory of soaring sites in the U.S. Introductory flights are available for as little as $20 and it is possible to become proficient even if you are not Charles Lindbergh reincarnate.

Hang gliding. Man has always fancied himself in flight, even given the legacy of ill-fated Icarus. Now you don't have to be Peter Pan to glide through the stratosphere. With the help of a collapsible, aluminum-tubed Dacron kite (known in the trade as a Rogallo glider), you can live out your fantasy amid the country's fields and hills. The Los Angeles area, home of the U.S. Hang Gliding Association, is a favorite site, but there are places to glide throughout the nation. Rates for a three-hour introductory session average about $20.

Trekking in the Southwest. For eclectic explorers eager to penetrate the vast and rugged terrain of the southwestern U.S., Southwest Safaris in Santa Fe leads small groups in bush planes, jeeps, and rafts through Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, and Arizona. Hike through ancient cliff dwellings at Mesa Verde, take a jeep through the canyonlands of Utah, or board a raft down Gooseneck Canyon on the San Juan River. Fly over the Grand Canyon, Painted Desert, and Chaco Canyon, 13th-century settlement of the Anasazi Indians whose complex network of roads and drainage patterns is visible in stark relief from the air. Ex-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



There are larger claims we've settled. But none more important.

Last year, The Travelers settled the largest single claim in its history: 14 million dollars because of the collapse of the roof of the Hartford Coliseum.

Naturally, it got a lot of public attention.

But a very small settlement, such as pictured above, gets a lot of personal attention from us, too.

To discuss your needs with an independent Travelers agent, check your Yellow Pages.

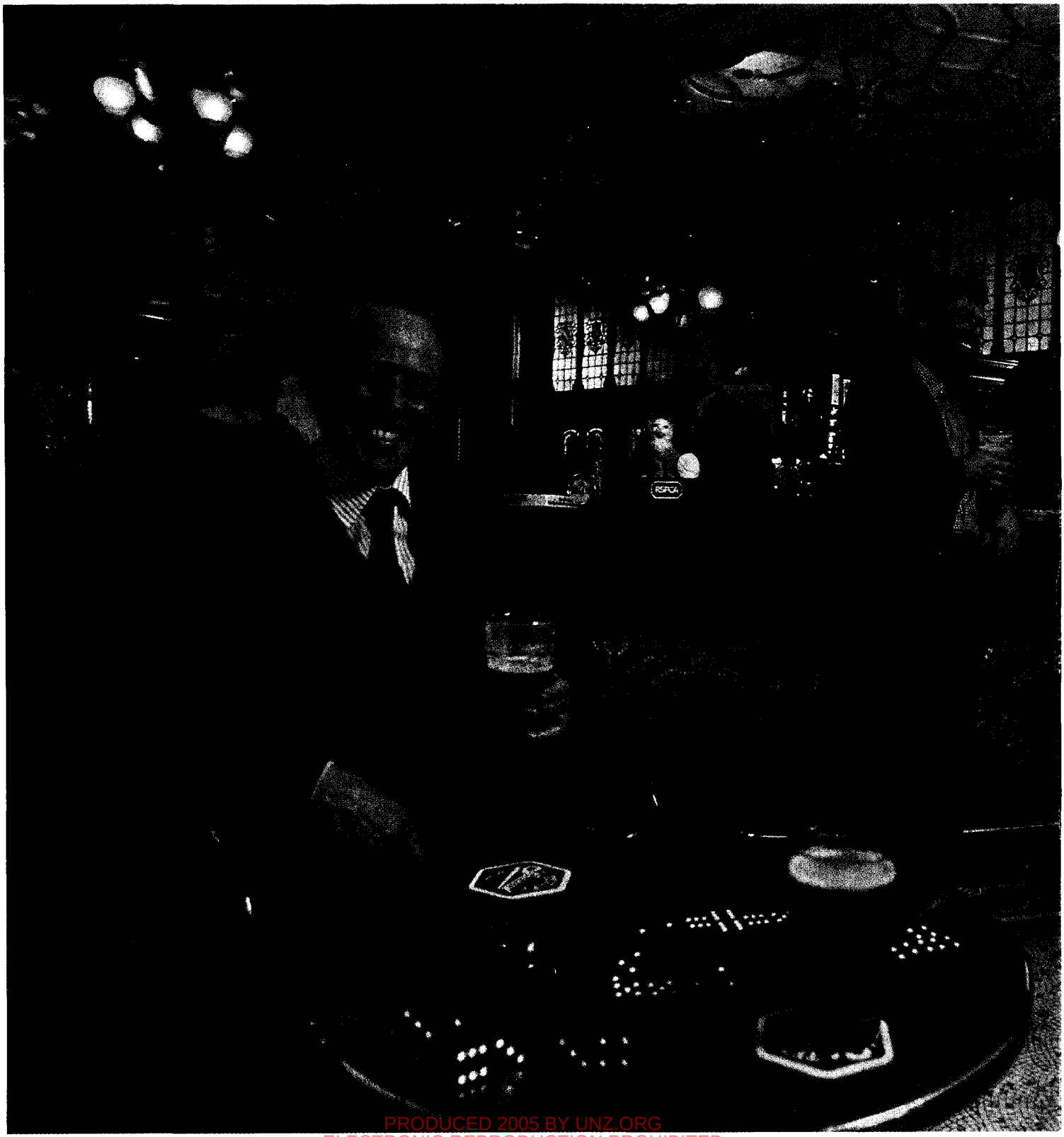
The Travelers is one of the world's largest insurance companies, a size that doesn't diminish our big concern for the individual.

THE TRAVELERS

We offer life, health, auto, and homeowners insurance, and mutual funds and variable annuities for individuals, and virtually all forms of insurance for businesses. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, Travelers Equities Sales Inc., and other Affiliated Companies of The Travelers Corporation, Hartford, Connecticut 06115.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Splendid time to come to Britain,

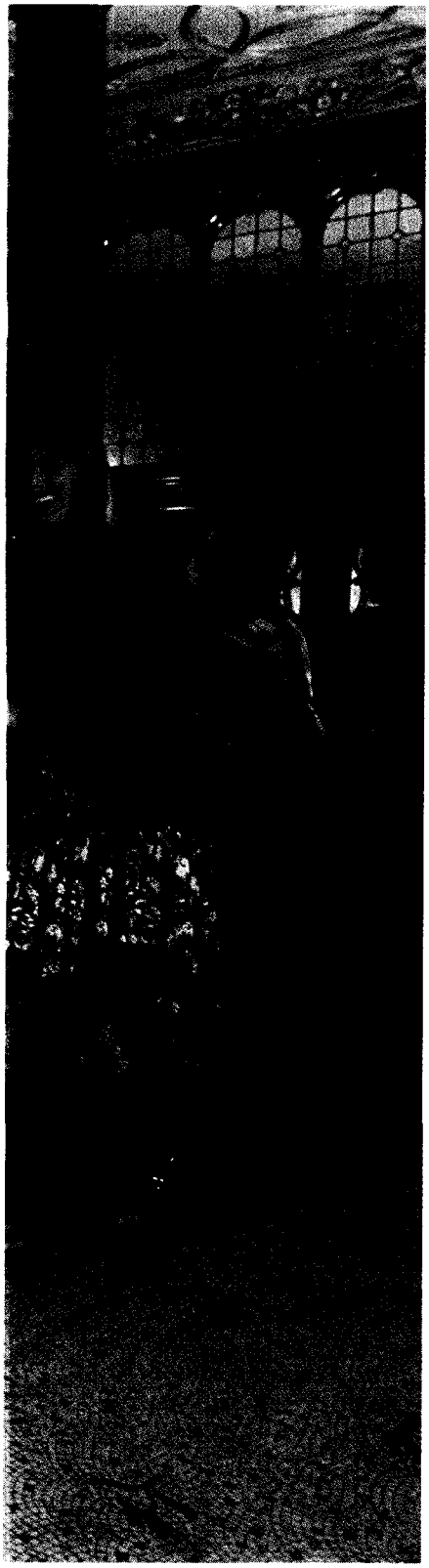


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWA Getaway Tours. Pound for pound, some of the best ways to see Britain.

old boy. This pint's on me."

Geoffrey Moss, at "The Philharmonic" pub, Liverpool.



"'The Philharmonic' has been my pub for quite a time. I'm able to come in at the same time every day, and see my mates standing in the same spot, then we have a few pints and play dominoes. Nice feeling–like a club. New faces are always welcomed.

"Like this American couple the other day. They walk in, total strangers, ask what kind of local ale is good, I put in my bit of advice, and straightaway, we're carrying on talking and laughing like we'd all been chums for years. Then I taught him how to play darts. He won. Bit cheeky, don't you think?"

Great people. Great values. Great Britain. Can you honestly say, after meeting Geoffrey Moss, that you could see Britain without stepping into a pub? Didn't think so.

Can we honestly say that Britain is one of the greatest vacation values this side of the Atlantic? Yes. And here's why.

TWA Getaway Tours. America's number one choice to Europe.

They can take you all over Britain and save you pounds all around.

Up to Scotland. Great buys on tweeds and tartans. Dinners of fresh salmon and wild game. Edinburgh, where pipers will pipe for the sheer joyous pride of it. And the scenery. It seems like even the hills wear kilts. Plaids of green peat and purple heather. Incredible.

Windsor. Oxford. Warwick. Stratford-upon-Avon, where you'll see something you'll never forget–a Shakespeare play, performed where he wrote it.

The countryside. Thatched cottages hidden in sleepy valleys. Apple cider. Honey and jams and jellies on scones warm from the oven. Delicious.

Of course, a TWA Getaway Tour gives you time to get around London quite nicely, thank you. By the by, the Tower of London is 901 years old this year. Admission is still only $2.45, and that includes a look at the Crown Jewels.

And a good seat at a London theatre costs just slightly more than half what it costs on Broadway.

Getaway to Wales. A land wealthy in castles like Carreg-Cennen, a mist-shrouded ruin that has a magical effect on all who enter in. Perhaps because it was once the home of Merlin the Magician. And you can't beat the price of admission. It's free.

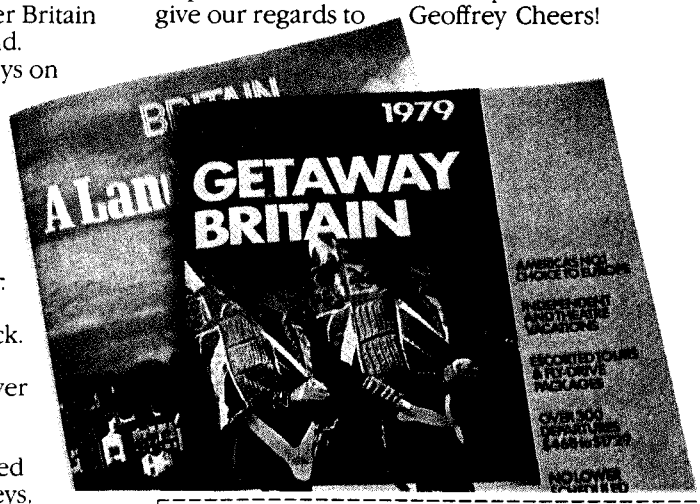
So is the British Museum. And the National Gallery. And for only $12, you can pick up an "Open-to-View" ticket that opens the doors and drawbridges of more than 525 castles, palaces and mansions.

Come for nine days, a fortnight, or more. A TWA Getaway Tour can take you from London to Wales to Scotland. It includes round-trip economy jet air fare, hotels, breakfasts, and more.

On some you're practically on your own, while on others you're escorted on luxurious motorcoaches. Or you can take a Fly-Drive vacation with a Hertz rental car.

They all include dollar-stretching discounts at shops and restaurants, theatre tickets, and much more.

Free for the asking. Send for these free brochures. Then see your travel agent. And if you're ever in Liverpool, stop in at "The Philharmonic" pub and give our regards to Geoffrey. Cheers!



TWA

British Tourist Authority, Box 4114, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017. SRBT/TWA-2

Please send me your free brochures: "TWA Getaway Britain" and "Britain–A Land to Explore."

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

BRITAIN

ENGLAND SCOTLAND WALES

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peditions from one to six days range from $199 to $800.

Rafting in the Grand Canyon. The Colorado River is the avenue of adventure. With the largest rapids in the U.S., it is also a mine of geological information. Numerous professional tours, with oar- or motor-powered rafts to choose from. Wet, splashy, break-neck-speed exhilaration in sessions ranging from long weekends to two-week excursions. Costs with equipment, food, and guides range from $450 to $700. Prerequisite: ability to endure variations in temperature, bugs, rain, wind, scrapes, and the unexpected upset of your craft.

Dogsledding in Mt. McKinley National Park. Brrrrrr! Bring your warmest woolies for this chilly excursion into arctic Alaska. Icy mountains and rolling tundra. Day tours, sponsored by Denali Dog Tours in McKinley Park, are $100 for two people; limit one person per team for trips of several days. Cost includes team of huskies, driver, meals, and for overnight journeys, lodging in range-patrol cabins or heated tent camps. No lazy man's idyll, these trips require that all participants work with the musher to drive the sled over the trails. Stamina and coordination are essential.

Houseboating on the Mississippi. Light out for the territories Huck Finn style in the American heartland of Iowa. Tall bluffs, oaks, maples, weeping willows, deer, abundant fish and wildlife. Camp on isolated sandbars and watch the great river flow. A-1 Rental Center in Dubuque sports a cast of 8 houseboats, the most luxurious of which is a 40-foot electric vessel complete with air conditioning, six-speaker stereo system, and a generating plant for appliances. Sleeps eight to 10 people for a weekly rate of $850 June through September. Lower rates off-season. Huck never had it so good.

Ballooning over the Bay. According to adventure connoisseurs, the San Francisco Bay area is one of the best sites for ballooning, because of its favorable weather conditions. Introductory flights over the Napa Valley, San Francisco Peninsula, or the Bay region average about $100 for two. Some operators offer sunrise floats over the lush California countryside, capped by champagne. Available year round. Up, up, and bye-bye!

Kayaking in North Carolina. Smoky Mountain white waters provide a scenic school for adventurers interested in learning how to maneuver these crafts of Eskimo origin. Nantahala Outdoor Center, in Bryson City, offers classes for beginners and advanced kayakers on the Nantahala, Chattooga, Little Tennessee, and French Broad rivers. Weekend clinic, $100. Five-day clinic, $200. Package includes instruction, equipment, lodging, food, and transportation to and from rivers.

Deep-sea diving in Wisconsin. Wisconsin, you say? Yes, at the bottom of Lake Michigan and Green Bay lie sunken wooden sailing ships and steamers, their spilled cargoes of ore and other goods patrolled by salmon, perch, and salamanders. Half- and full-day dives can be arranged by chartering boats from On The Rocks in Ellison Bay for $8 to $12. May through October.

BILL VANDOURIS

San Francisco in a basket—"best site"

Bush flying in Alaska. Neither rain, nor snow, nor hail, nor frigid tundra temperatures keep Arctic mailmen from their appointed rounds. Fly with them out of Nome on Munz Northern Airlines to remote Eskimo settlements. Destinations include Shishmaref, a faraway outpost on the Bering Sea under the Arctic Circle, White Mountain, and Gambell, a bird-watcher's Eden.. Arid tundra spotted with caribou, reindeer, bears, and moose, all for under $100.

Bicycling on the Virginia loop. An inexpensive and healthy mode of transportation, the bicycle has rapidly pedaled its way into travelers' itineraries. Bikecentennial, a national organization, based in Missoula, Montana, sponsors a 14-day, 300-mile trip through historic and scenic Virginia. You'll visit the Chesapeake Canal (where a partially restored mule towpath has been converted into a hiking and cycling road), Harper's Ferry, Charleston, and Civil War-renowned Fredericksburg. Then on to the northern end of the fertile Shenandoah Valley, panoramic Skyline Drive, and the Virginia Piedmont. Departures from Washington, D.C., May 14, 21, June 11, 18, and September 10.

Caving at Big Horn. A paleontologist's paradise awaits in a Wyoming mountain cave. Earthwatch, a Massachusetts matchmaker, unites researching scientists with laymen interested in donating time and manpower to their cause. Descend into a 65-foot vertical shaft by free-fall rappel or scaffold to examine antelope, bear, and camel skeletons on the cave's 20,000-year-old bottom layer. Observe environmental changes during full glacial, late Pleistocene, and Holocene periods. Staging area is Cody, Wyoming. Your tax-deductible $725 (the money is recycled into the research project) covers camping, food, and equipment. Three-week field trips in June, July, and August.

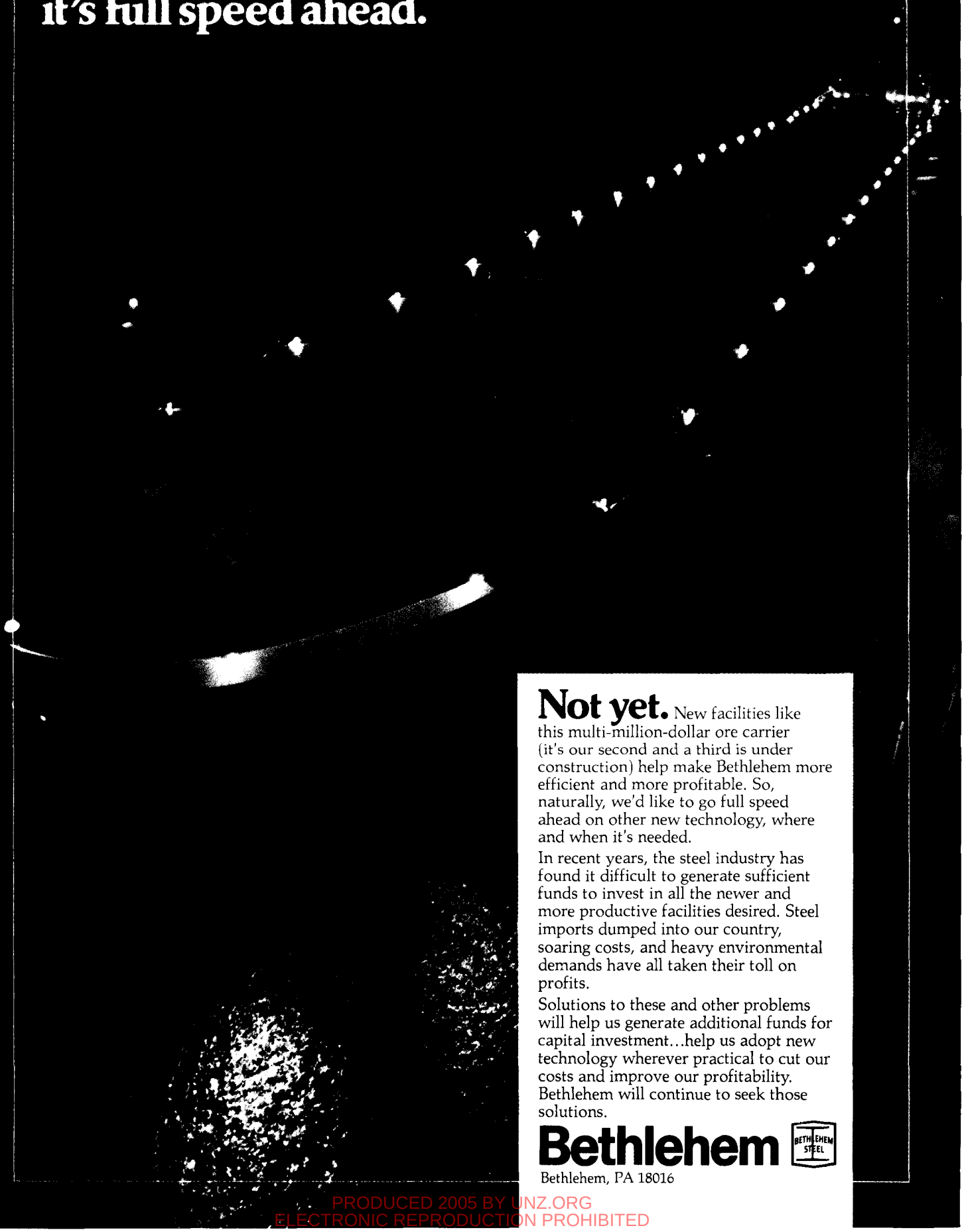
Parachuting. If soaring or hang gliding isn't your fancy, join the 30,000 parachutists who are keeping this country jumping. You needn't be Evel Knievel to partake in this sport (or art form, as some divers call it). Old and young who are sound in spirit and body can be trained to dive. First jumps, including equipment, instruction, and air transportation, cost from $55 to $80. The U.S. Parachute Association, in Washington, D.C., can direct you to your local jump center.

Hiking in the Sierra Nevada. The Great Outdoors is big business in California with the stunning Sierra one of its most formidable resources. Natural beauty abounds, as do mountaineering expeditions specially tailored to individual needs. One- and two-week excursions offered by the Mountain People School in San Anselmo; departures from San Rafael. Trips into the Tahoe National Forest emphasize wilderness skills such as campcraft, cooking, first aid, and survival techniques. Opportunities for rock climbing and exploring off-trail areas.

Windjamming off Maine. Sail away in the cool waters of northernmost New England on schooners. Work with crew or just relax by swimming, fishing, and exploring coastal towns and islands. Itineraries include Swans Island, Boothbay Harbor, Vinalhaven, Stonington (a fishing village built on granite terraces), and Penobscot Bay. Group charters, available from June through September, run about $250 a week. ◉

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now that we've launched our new Great Lakes ore carrier, you might think it's full speed ahead.



Not yet. New facilities like this multi-million-dollar ore carrier (it's our second and a third is under construction) help make Bethlehem more efficient and more profitable. So, naturally, we'd like to go full speed ahead on other new technology, where and when it's needed.

In recent years, the steel industry has found it difficult to generate sufficient funds to invest in all the newer and more productive facilities desired. Steel imports dumped into our country, soaring costs, and heavy environmental demands have all taken their toll on profits.

Solutions to these and other problems will help us generate additional funds for capital investment...help us adopt new technology wherever practical to cut our costs and improve our profitability. Bethlehem will continue to seek those solutions.

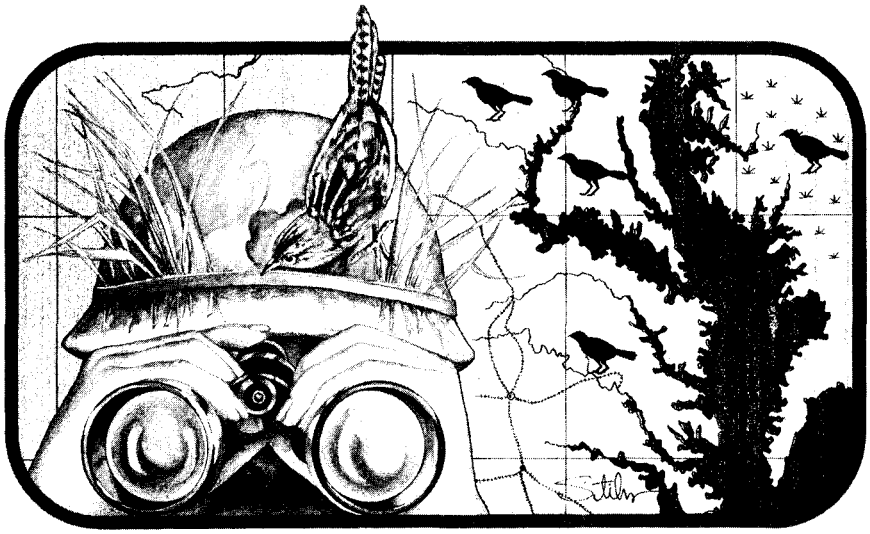
Bethlehem

Bethlehem, PA 18016

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Watching the Feathers Fly

by Jonathan Evan Maslow



OF ALL THE SPORTS that approximate war, perhaps none comes closer to the full-fledged military encounter than birding. What?—I hear you choking—surely you cannot mean bird-watching!

Well, no: not exactly. You see, bird-watching is that most pacific, pastoral pursuit of the high-minded conservationist, the eccentric widow, and the curious adolescent, himself a rare species. I mean *birding*, the highly competitive sport that has been quietly replacing traditional bird-watching in this country—is something altogether different. Birders are out to count species of birds, not to pine over feather and song. They go forth for the glorious goal of amassing the longest list of species, not for pausing in quiet contemplation of the red-breasted nuthatch in flight.

Birders do not shiver in a cold blind. They storm the countryside in platoonlike detachments, during daylong campaigns in which no quarter is given. They scout, deploy specialists, and coordinate a highly mobile assault on foot, in cars, motorboats, and, sometimes, small planes. And they come armed with the most advanced technology of the birding-industrial complex, from tape recordings of predator calls (dandy for routing shy warblers from thickets), to low-level explosives like cherry bombs (fine for flushing marsh birds from their roosts when tossed in from a speeding auto).

Birding does have a secondary environmental justification: Knowing how many birds are to be found in a given locale on a given day helps ornithologists plot population trends and habitat changes. Each Christmas week the National Audubon Society, harnessing the efforts of the birders in the interest of conservation, sponsors a nationwide bird count.

Environmentalism could no doubt use the services of eight million bird-counters (the current total, according to the Commerce Department's estimate). But the true birder, or "lister," as he is sometimes known, secretly scoffs at the nature-for-nature's-sake types. After all, he has his "domestic life list" to increase and, provided he is wealthy enough, his "world life list," which can run to over 5,000 species. While the bird-watcher is wasting time in peace and solitude, our birder is busy strategizing to add "exclusives," or rare birds, to his embossed record book. And when birders gather for their team counts—well, there's the honor of the regiment to uphold.

I traveled to southern New Jersey for last year's Audubon-sponsored count. While Aurora still snuggled under her pink cloud comforter, an insistent hammering came at my motel-room door. It was not a pileated woodpecker, but birding's Napoleon, David Cutler, in paratroop boots and flyer's jacket, field glasses around his neck, tape recorder in hand, Roger Tory Peterson in his hip pocket. In the parking lot, Cutler's silver-gray Cadillac convertible pawed the ground in eagerness. The battle of Cape May, New Jersey, was about to commence.

Cutler has campaigned at Cape May, and numerous other places, for almost 40 years, rising through the ranks of the Boy Scouts to the enlisted men and thence to his present exalted position as Group I leader. No one would deny that Cutler rates his command. Although he claims that "listing really isn't my thing," he has cornered the white-naped manakin, found the snowy cotinga in the steaming jungles of Panama. Pressed to abandon his modesty, Generalissimo Butler admits to having notched upwards of 650 species on his domestic life list.

More important for my present purpose, Generalissimo Cutler has repeatedly led the winning group at Cape May, scoring on one occasion a record count of 118 species. "A crack birder has three qualities," says the Generalissimo, who numbers people as well as he does birds. "One, he's devoted. Two, he has a good memory. You win this game by moving fast. And three, he's a planner."

Cutler produced a topographical map of Cape May with the group territories marked in bold red. "My people will cover the entire territory once over lightly in the morning, meet at noon to decide what we still need, then divide up again for the afternoon mop-up operation." He added with no note of apology, "Sorry I can't take time to show you much about birds today. A bird count isn't the best day to see birds, I'm afraid."

The Generalissimo's strategy had been activated long before sunrise, when his group's handpicked owl specialist, Dr. Ed Reimann, hit the fields and woods around Cape May Airport with a tape recording of owl calls. When they hear potential territorial interlopers, owls protest. Dr. Ed simply listened for the telltale screech or hoot, and chalked them up as finds for Group I.

With Dr. Ed in the woods, Jim Merritt, New Jersey editor of *Audubon News*, scouring hedgerows and thickets, and two younger birders advancing over Group I's northern marsh, the Generalissimo had deployed his troops. Now I accompanied him in the Cadillac (top down in wintry weather) along the Cape May causeway. He drove in the left lane, swerving to avoid oncoming cars and climbing the shoulder to search the edges of the great marsh

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with a telescope mounted on an old rifle stock.

"Little blue heron, killdeer, ruddy turnstone, purple sandpiper, brant, black-bellied plover, bufflehead duck, green-winged teals at 11 o'clock," Cutler announced. He seemed to be shouting field directions, pointing his glass, and driving all at the same time.

During a brief lull I observed that birding, with no umpires, game wardens, or U.N. observers, provides golden opportunities to the, shall we say, less than honest. "Oh, there are plenty of fakes in birding, all right," the Generalissimo said with a leer. "But we know whether you've seen something or just imagined it. The whole basis of credibility is showing what you see to others, backing it up with solid evidence of observation. That's why the birders are as important as the birds. Finding an exclusive, seeing what's never been seen before. That's what gives you standing in the bird community."

My own standing in the bird community suddenly wrenched backwards as the Generalissimo spun out of the ditch and back onto the causeway. He was already talking his way onto the local Coast Guard base— "Part of my strategy," he advised with a wink—and we spent the next hour swiftly steptoeing a long rock jetty to spot seabirds. ("Common loon, common eider, double-breasted cormorant, red-throated loon, greater cormorant," etc.) This was followed by a slightly insane race over landing strips and baseball diamonds in search of an exclusive longspur Cutler very much wanted, but in the end failed to find among the meadowlarks.

The inevitable doldrums came, because, as the Generalissimo says, "Birds are smarter than humans. They don't go flat out all day." Having foreseen the lacuna, Cutler gathered his troops in a nearby diner. I was imagining sighting a lovely duck on my luncheon plate; I got a cheeseburger instead. The Generalissimo, shrewdly listening to field reports, counted up 100 species in the morning haul, and exhorted his troops magisterially: "We still have no bitterns, no snow goose, no canvasback, no vulture, no eagles, no Maryland warbler, no pheasant, no terns, no rails, no oyster catcher, no catbirds, no kinglets, no shrike, no...." At the end of this stirring message, he concluded, "We have 106. Not bad for 12 o'clock. All we need is 13 to break the record."

This would call for sacrifice. Jim Merritt was under domestic stricture to be home early for the arrival of his new granddaughter. Dr. Ed was out birding despite a new Teflon hip, which retarded what must have been at one time a ferocious gait. I accompanied Dr. Ed to the municipal waterworks.

More the traditionalist than the Generalissimo, the doctor preferred a long, refreshing walk through an old pine plantation. He called the birds down with a soft, kissing sound made through his fingers. At his coo warblers, nuthatches, and chickadees hopped down to within two or three feet of him. In the doctor's equally knowledgeable, but much more leisurely, company, one was privy to marvelous sights: the heavy, primeval flap of the great blue heron on the wing; the submarine plunge of the horned grebe, which possesses the unique ability to control its own specific gravity in order to sink without diving; and the exclusive of the day, a bobolink, the first ever sighted on a Cape May winter birding expedition. The bobolink "hung in" beautifully, giving the rest of Group I time to gather and confirm its notable "bink-bink" in the phragmites reeds.

I contributed my own bit by scoring the only red-crested kinglet of the day. Some might judge it beginner's luck. We were drinking coffee in a parking lot when I happened to notice something flit in a pine tree between the Dunkin' Donuts shop and the Exxon station. I said to Dr. Ed, "Hey, what's that?"

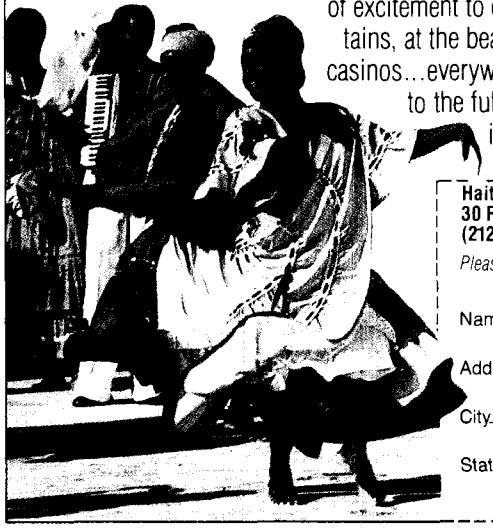
He said, "I don't believe it."

It was already past dark when we found Generalissimo Cutler supping on a meatball sub in the diner where all the groups came to report their scores. Group I had won the contest handily, counting 118 species, which tied the record. The Generalissimo went over his list again and again; when he still came up short, he considered going back to a small pond that he knew to be a favorite roost for wood ducks. "I could do it," said the happy warrior. "I'm not the least bit tired. It was an easy day. You should see us in the spring when we've got the boat and airplane."

But in the end he relented. There was a certain anguish in not breaking the record, but there had been great joy in the chase. Birding, I was reminded, derives from the colonial "side-hunt," a meretricious ritual of setting aside a day to kill birds indiscriminately for the apparent thrill of a big bird body-count. The development of the field guide and the field glass—both largely American innovations—have eliminated violence and cruelty from this war game. American birders now chase after life, much as the game hunter pursues death—and perhaps the birder's claim on civilization is a little stronger. ◉

Haitian Sensation

The joy of life that's reflected in the laughter, music, songs and dances of the Haitian people makes visitors happy to be in this colorful land of warm sunshine and cool breezes. The friendly atmosphere and dramatic scenery lend an air of excitement to everything you do. In the mountains, at the beaches, in the markets, at the casinos...everywhere. You'll enjoy every moment to the fullest...Come to Haiti...you'll revel in the Haitian Sensation.



Haiti Government Tourist Bureau
30 Rockefeller Plaza/New York, N.Y. 10020
(212) 757-3517

Please send information on my Haitian vacation.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State/Zip_____

Le Grand Value SR

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Michelangelo's study for Adam in the Creation of Adam, 1511.

Drawing Card

The largest collection of drawings by Michelangelo ever displayed in this hemisphere will be on view at the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York City from April 26 through July 28. The collection of 24 leaves and 41 illustrations traces the artist's development, from the early, quite simple "Bathers" cartoon to the studies of Adam and sketches for the fresco of the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel.

Michelangelo and His World reveals the artist's painstaking struggle to achieve perfection. Philip Morris, Inc. and the National Endowment for the Arts deserve praise for sponsoring this exhibit.

Chris Sarandon as Webber and Lee Grant as his lover, Esther Jack.

Decry Wolfe

Poor George—rejected by his hometown, disillusioned by the fame he had so desperately sought, friendless among New York's cultural elite. Even the relative peace he found when he fled to Europe was spoiled by the forbidding presence of the Nazis.

George Webber, whose striking resemblance to his creator Thomas Wolfe was no accident, will be brought back to life on April 24 in CBS's adaptation of *You Can't Go Home Again*. The quality of the source material is unarguable, but how can Wolfe's colossus be squeezed into two hours of air time?

Mozart, Boy Wonder

Concertgoers are well acquainted with such songs of Mozart as "Warnung," "An Chloe," "Das Veilchen." Over 30 more are available in Philips's two-disc album of Complete Mozart Lieder, sung by Elly Amerling. The songs range from "An die Freude" (written by the genius at 11) to "Komm Lieber Mai" (adapted from the B flat piano concerto, K. 595). Mozart's music is truly the pre-dawn of the German art song, later echoed in works by Schubert, Richard Strauss, and Hugo Wolf. And in Amerling's voice is the artistry to make Mozart's songs one delight after another. Her pianist is Dalton Baldwin, long famed for his work with Gerard Souzay.—I.K.

Zoot-suiters Edward James Olmos and Daniel Valdez.

Clothes Make the Zoot-Suiter

Luis Valdez's West Coast hit *Zoot Suit* has come East to the Winter Garden Theater in New York City. The play focuses on life in the Mexican-American barrios of Los Angeles during the turbulent World War II years of 1942 and 1943. The infamous Sleepy Lagoon murder case, which left one youth dead and 17 convicted of killing him, and the ensuing "Zoot Suit Riots," which left four dead and dozens in jail, marked the beginning of decades of persecution of those Mexican-Americans known as "zoot-suiters."

Valdez uses the zoot suit—with its reet pleat (pleated, high-waisted pants), carlango (jacket), and tando lid (hat)—in the same way that those young men used it, as an expression of their nonconformity and vitality.

Valdez contends that the American press misrepresented the zoot-suiters and fed on the public's fear of the volatile youths. His play offers not a restatement but a reevaluation of that violent time.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"American Orchestras on Tour" makes music world news.

A music world "first" occurred on March 5, when the Philadelphia Orchestra launched a tour of the Southeast with a concert at the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C. While orchestras often tour, this occasion was unique. It marked the beginning of the largest commitment ever made by a company toward symphony orchestra tours: the Bell System's support of "American Orchestras on Tour," a program of cross-country tours to some 100 cities over the next several years by a number of America's finest symphony orchestras. Joining the Philadelphia Orchestra in this program during 1979 will be the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the Cleveland Orchestra, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the New York Philharmonic, and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.

This symphony orchestra tour program continues a long Bell System tradition. Since 1940, when we first began to sponsor "The Bell Telephone Hour," we have felt that enhancing America's quality of life through sponsorship of the arts was among our responsibilities to the communities we serve.

Once again, we are honoring that responsibility. Your local operating telephone company and AT&T are pleased to bring you "American Orchestras on Tour."

Bell System

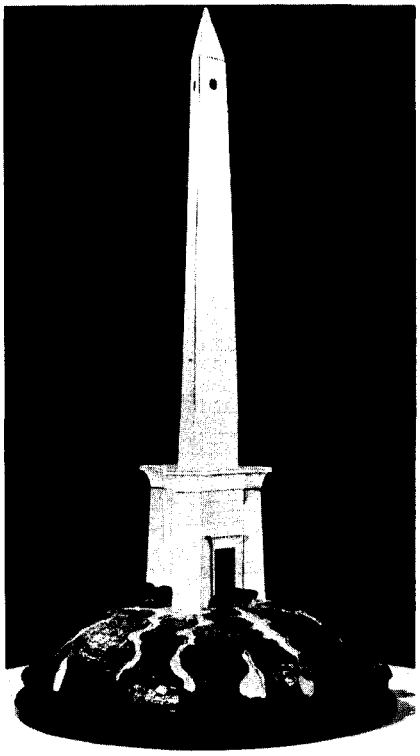
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARCHAEO-ART

by Eleanor Munro

RECENTLY IT'S BECOME possible to detect a trend on all three levels of the art world: "high historic" museum shows and installations; commercial, popular, or "folk" art; and contemporary work by young living artists. So widespread an idiom has to be rooted in a genuine need; it must have meaning in human terms. This circumstance, in other words, can be taken as clear evidence of that flooding back into the visual arts of humanist concerns some critics have derisively called cultural backslide. Backward this particular idiom is, but deliberately so. Archaeo-art involves the isolation, as I construe it, of things from the real world for new purposes of communication. One of several shapes this trend takes is a fascination with miniature things, isolated little objects modeled from real life, "relics"—a chair, a door, a lamp—or miniature ensembles that can be as narrowly focused as a corner of a lunchroom, or as embracing as a whole city. In sum, the method is directly related to that of archaeology, the science which can be taken as a metaphor for the human mind sifting the past, salvaging bits of it, making inferences and projections about larger issues—time, human history, the human destiny. At its most purposeful (like archaeology itself), archaeo-art adds to the hindsight procedures of search-and-rescue the oracular procedures of prophecy.

Orthodox archaeological museum shows are the starting point: Tutankhamun's treasures or, more intellectually challenging, the array of Nubian relics recently shown at the Brooklyn Museum that projected a new view of cultural history. But the use of archaeology in the sense we speak of here is better hinted at in the installation this past year of the Egyptian Temple of Dendur. Somewhat measly, historically negligible, the temple sits at the Metropolitan Museum in an *encadrement* so out of proportion in size, costliness, and sheer



EEVA-INKERI

Hollweg's Victory Monument *(1974-75, 68").*

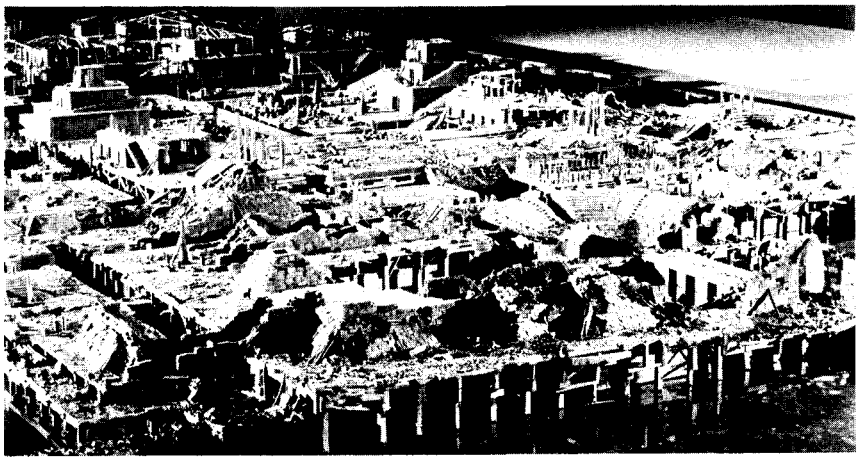
visual stunningness that it is reduced to a toy, a minitemple in the giants' play yard, a talisman-memento of time gone, like a Roman coin on a lawyer's watch-chain.

At the other extreme, we have the present popular mania for dollhouses and dollhouse furniture: now this nation's second-largest hobby after stamps! A walk down most any New York avenue will reveal a number of shops wholly devoted to this trade. In fact, an industry reaching from Hong Kong to Sussex is turning out "antique" furniture, paintings, and textiles for these dwellings in whose "historic" purlieus no child's hand wanders. These houses are almost never contemporary: The wish is to relive the days of yore in Victorian or Early American settings. What that hobby really "means" was suggested this past fall by a charming exhibition of 17th- and 18th-century American samplers at the Museum of American Folk Art in New York. These familiar but newly evocative works keep the viewer's mind (as once the seamstress's) moving back and forth between time warps. One arm of the dialectic is revealed in the stitched images of those flower-banked Georgian houses that epitomized even then the (now lost) cultural values of balance, harmony, and confidence in the future. The antithesis of course lies in the lines of oracular verse also stitched by little girls in their flowering adolescence: "And must this body die/This mortal frame decay/And must these active limbs of mine/Lie mouldering in the clay ...: Amy Mode's work in the 11th year of her age, 1834."

Between Dendur and the dollhouse lies the land of living art. Since the late 1960s, sculptors like Robert Graham, Ira Joel Haber, and Michael Hurson have exhibited minisculptures, scenes of architecture with, or more usually without, figures that, though reduced to jewel-case size and often precision, convey quite another mood from the sumptuous miniworks of the courtly past (compare the glorious bejeweled miniatures in the show of Dresden treasures at the Met this past season). Around the same time, sculptor-site-worker Charles Simonds began to make his little terra-cotta ruins of abandoned minipueblos. The Museum of Modern Art showed them in 1976; before then and since, walkers in New York have occasionally come on his "relics" affixed to random buildings like wasps' nests under eaves.

Gradually the idea has been picked up by galleries and museums for theme-shows. In 1977, the downtown wing of the Whitney Museum showed *Small Objects*. Recently the Pratt Graphic Center in New York held a competition for miniprints, none to be more than four inches square. Last year several galleries here and there put on shows of miniworks. The Walter

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FRANCOIS PUYPLAT

Anne and Patrick Poirier's Ausée *(1975-77, 16½"x 32½")—A miniature ruin.*

Kelly Gallery in Chicago, for instance, exhibited architectural models. This winter, the Rosa Esman Gallery in New York showed tiny *Imaginary Worlds* including ceramic ones by Elisa Darrigo, Dan Bleier, Katherine Sokolnikoff, and Michael Burke's carved and painted wax architectural miniatures. The Kornblee Gallery in New York showed Bruce Monteith's painted wood corners of miniature buildings (a lunch parlor, a hallway) and Alexander Hollweg's mini-buildings (a factory with smoke frozen atop a chimney; a Victory obelisk rising from a wooded hill). Too, a number of such gifted women sculptors as Alice Aycock and Donna Dennis have turned out wood structures that overtly or symbolically reduce "home" or "living space" to small size and a clear formal understandability.

As the trend gathers momentum, more focused works appear. Michael McMillen's *Inner City* at the Whitney last fall was a whole Los Angeles city block in miniature, shown on an eye-level plinth, masked in black curtains, accompanied by recorded street-talk as if a CB went on babbling in the abandoned stillness of old window shades, iron bedsteads, empty corridors, vacated poolrooms. Further along on the scale of complexity and also profundity was the remarkable piece *Ausée*, shown at the Museum of Modern Art this past autumn, by two younger French artists, Anne and Patrick Poirier, who are well known in Europe (their work was prominent at the opening of the Beaubourg Center in Paris). *Ausée* is the model of a city rising upon piers at the shore of a lake. But the bits of wood it is made of, charred and blackened, give a vision of catastrophic ruin and dereliction, with temples fallen in, streets choked with ash, the water itself dark and stagnant as the light that gloomily plays over the rubble (it, like *Inner City*, is shown in a room that is hung with black curtains).

Once upon a time, the Poiriers inform us in a legend that accompanies the work, Ausée was indeed a place of balance, harmony, and confidence in the future. A lucid mind planned its squared-off streets, its central roadway coherent as the pole-to-pole axis of an ancient Chinese city. But the city fell victim to some disaster, the people fled and reverted to savagery. Generations passed; remnants of the tribe stumbled upon the ruins and only then, piecing together fragments of tales heard, remembered, passed down, did they begin to reconstruct their true history. Real sources are cited by the Poiriers (the plan grew out of Herodotus' description of Nero's Golden House); they gather, mount, and study bits of the real world (leaves, stones, earth, sticks) when they begin to work a new project. But, again, the thrust of their vision is only firstly archaeological, then oracular. It speaks to our foreboding about the disasters that overhang our own worlds both outer and inner. (*Ausée* was shown in the season of President Carter's announced program to vacate the cities in case of nuclear attack, and of the Guyana suicides.)

There are plenty of stylistic antecedents for this kind of art grounded in the actual. From Greco-Roman mosaic floors aglint with "real" fruit peels, bones, and shells, to the sky- and cloud-mimicking ceilings of Baroque palaces, gamesmanship with perspective and light and shadow has been a specialty of Western art. Like those earlier exercises in virtuosity, archaeo-art of the 1970s implies an aesthetic of positivism. There is nothing relative or dubious about that "bit" of physical matter. The chair is a chair. The world that once was, was. The knucklebone extracted from a grave-shaft may be displaced but is without a doubt a bone. By the craft that imitates the bone in two dimensions of paint, the eye may be fooled but it is not traduced. In that sense, archaeo-art explores the opposite shore from that major 20th-century aesthetic that was announced in the radical formal terms of Cubism—the relativity of the real—the idea that nothing *is* except as it is filtered through the distorting lens of the eye.

These works too have an obvious relationship with still-life, in French, *nature-morte*. These bits of the real world are very still, very dead. Looked at from this point of view, even the kitschy dollhouses we spoke of earlier, and miniworks that look whimsically playful, take on an unwitting, sharp poignancy. Toys as well as knucklebones come to the surface in archaeological digs. But always one feels that "something" is absent from these sculptures. They seem isolated, even sad, like potsherds broken off from the matrix to which they belonged. What is missing of course is the breath of life, movement of human beings, a sense of that larger organic whole into which they might fit. These minireliquaries, like empty shells, are evokers of the ghosts of vanished inhabitants, and in this they can remind us of still-life paintings of bones, skulls, and guttering candles as much as still-lifes of flowers or the interiors of rooms. I think especially of the trompe l'oeil skull that floats with disturbing implications in the foreground of that worldly painting, Holbein's "The Ambassadors." And now these mini- or archaeo-art works can be seen in what may be their true light: as mementoes, with power to warn and wound, of the loved artifacts, furniture, architecture of an age that may be as close to destruction as a plague-threatened medieval fortress. In other words: our *mementi mori*.

This is not a formally "pure" idiom. It is adulterated with concerns of history and poetry, perhaps particularly the poetry of that between-the-wars period when, as now, the mood of the times was foreboding. ("For all this history of grief/An empty doorway and a maple leaf...."—Archibald MacLeish). Clearly what sets it apart from work that has seemed for quite a long time now to be mainstream—formalist abstraction or the Duchampean art of meaninglessness—is the impulse this kind of art contains to convey mood and meaning in human terms. Is it less valid for this reason, as a developing aesthetic for the late 20th century? That remains to be seen. ◉

Eleanor Munro's book Originals: American Women Artists *(Simon & Schuster) will appear this spring.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATER

Character-Less Musical

THE PARADOX of making a Broadway musical is that while you must let it find its own identity during rehearsals, you can't leave it to its own devices because it will collapse. One doesn't *write* such a show. A musical doesn't exist until it goes into rehearsal and is put on its feet. The script and songs are simply the starting place. None of the dancing, the staging, the orchestrations that make musicals of musicals can be dealt with until rehearsals. The creators don't know what they have until they see it, but they can't wait until then to worry about it.

You'd think such experienced musical-theater hands as Neil Simon and Marvin Hamlisch would have been more wary of that paradox. Simon is the rare American playwright (George S. Kaufman was another) who has had equal success as a librettist of musicals. Indeed, every musical that Simon has written has been a hit: *Little Me, Sweet Charity, Promises Promises.* Yet he doesn't seem to think about the differences between musicals and plays. He himself admits that he doesn't worry about where the songs will go or what they will be about. Still, Simon's librettos have been even funnier than his comedies. A musical, which is inherently unrealistic, releases him from logic. Simon's humor is at its best when at its oddest, and it is oddest in his musicals, when the leading man can play seven or eight characters (*Little Me)* or have ridiculous neuroses (*Sweet Charity)* or come right out and confide in the audience (*Promises Promises*). Simon's comedy, in musicals, takes the liberty of being bizarre.

So I look forward to any musical he writes, and I particularly looked forward to *They're Playing Our Song* because he was writing it with Hamlisch. The single show Hamlisch had to his credit was *A Chorus Line,* which was not only a spectacular success but one that owed much of its success to Hamlisch's music. There is a lot of music—theater music—in *A Chorus Line.* The songs are only a small part of it. This show's music is continuous—yards of underscoring (the music played while dialogue is spoken) and dance music. Hamlisch wrote his own dance music for *A Chorus Line* (most composers let dance arrangers write it). The show's music is not merely a series of songs but an integral part of the production's structure.

Klein and Arnaz, without alter egos.

It didn't surprise me that Hamlisch had the ability or the inclination to involve himself so deeply in a show. His background was in the musical theater; he has worked his way up from dance arranger and rehearsal pianist to composer. The combination, then, of Simon and Hamlisch seemed a promising one, as did their subject. For *They're Playing Our Song* is about the romantic problems of a male composer and a female lyricist. Music should come naturally to such a story. No devices should be necessary to explain why songs were being sung. The lyrics wouldn't even have to relate to the story—that is, there'd be no need for "book songs."

But when *They're Playing Our Song* opened on Broadway in February, all such promises were broken. It was superficially about a composer's romantic complications with a lyricist, but Simon hadn't made people of them. There weren't any personalities to clash. These characters were hardly substantial, and they were the only ones the show had.

Now two characters in a musical is a handicap, but not the insurmountable one you might think. Broadway musicals for the most part need size, but invention can work miracles (within reason). There were only two characters in *I Do! I Do!* but as directed by Gower Champion, the show exhibited Broadway muscle. Then again, it had full-size Broadway stars in Mary Martin and Robert Preston, and one should never underestimate the force of a musical-comedy star. *I Do! I Do!* also had a solid story with solid character relationships in Jan de Hartog's *The Fourposter.* The show and its director had plenty to work with.

Robert Moore, the director of *They're Playing Our Song,* had little to work with indeed. His stars were Robert Klein, a television comedian, and Lucie Arnaz (Lucille Ball's daughter), a slightly experienced actress who turned out to be the best thing in the show. Then Moore had that Simon story, going nowhere with no characters and, most depressing of all, little comedy—either bizarre or earthbound. In an effort to generate some activity on stage, Moore introduced three singing, nonspeaking alter egos for each of the characters, but decor never increases size.

The score proved no help because Hamlisch and his lyricist (Carole Bayer Sager) wrote popular songs instead of theater music. The score wouldn't play, it didn't project, it had no stage dimension. Moreover, while Hamlisch had written so much music for *A Chorus Line,* he let this show go without dance music and even the all-important underscoring that creates continuity during nonmusical scenes. *They're Playing Our Song* ran away from its creators. It became more a play than a musical.

These characters shouldn't have been pop songwriters in the first place. Had they been theater songwriters, a whole staging aspect would have been opened up. Instead of watching one or the other of the two characters singing the songs, the audience could have seen the show the two were working on—good numbers, bad numbers, reworked numbers. That might have made for an original and amusing musical.

But nobody thought of this angle. Perhaps Simon and Hamlisch felt that Neil Simon and Marvin Hamlisch were so rich and famous and successful that just working together was enough. That's never the case, not on stage and certainly not with the musical theater. You don't know what you have until you have it, but if you wait until then to think about it, you're sunk.

—Martin Gottfried

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dunhill, Mark Cross, Gucci*
—We Love Them, But Can't Afford Them!

MILLIONAIRE'S BUSINESS LUGGAGE

Luxurious handworked pigskin leathers; Italian brass locks and hardware; crafted into an attache fit for a millionaire.

You can afford it at just $59.95

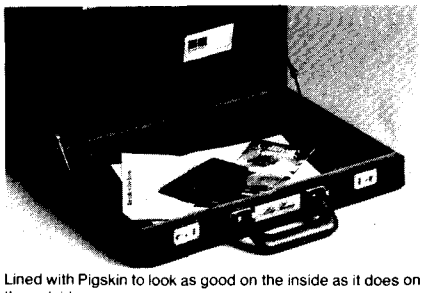
In the world of luggage, Dunhill, Mark Cross and Gucci are institutions. They are truly three of the world's great stores. Their attache cases routinely retail for one hundred dollars or more. Carrying such a case is a mark of distinction normally reserved for people of wealth and position. Many executives work a good portion of their lives before they can afford to shop in stores of this caliber. Wait no more!

FROM EUROPE WITH LOVE

To the Europeans, luggage is a lifetime investment. That's why they prefer leather. And no wonder, there is nothing to compare with the look, feel and durability of leather. Our attaches are made in the fine European tradition. We use only specially selected hardwoods for constructing our frames. They will never warp and only wood will provide the heft and feel we require. We cover our attache in pigskin. We know of nothing that can match it for beauty and durability. Normally reserved for the manufacture of fine gloves, it is truly the "Rolls Royce" of leathers.

TAILORED LIKE A FINE SUIT

We tailor each attache in the manner of a fine suit. Hand labor is used throughout, with



Lined with Pigskin to look as good on the inside as it does on the outside.

edges turned or bound. We wanted the attache to look as good on the inside as the outside. Therefore, we used the same quality pigskins to line the interior as covers the exterior. An unheard of extravagance, since other attaches are lined with Rayon or Nylon synthetics. We plead guilty to using synthetics, but only as a lining between the expanding lid-pockets. Oh yes, the lid-pockets are sewn from pigskin as well.

IMAGE

The attache you choose to carry contributes to the image and personality you project. This luggage was designed to convey a look of understated elegance. At the same time, since we were providing extraordinary value and quality, we wanted something more than another "me-too" attache. This has been accomplished through the use of brushed-suede side panels of matching pigskin leathers, together with distinctive Italian brass locks and hardware. The result is an attache you can carry anywhere with confidence and pride.

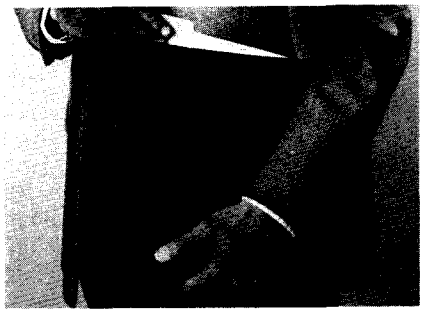
Each attache is supplied with a matching brass name plate custom engraved with your name or initials. An extra charge at most stores (if available at all). We provide it as a matter of pride. By the way, it makes our business luggage a most personal and appreciated business gift.

DIRECTOR'S FOLIO

Our Director's Folio matches the workmanship and quality of the attache. We use the same fine pigskin leathers, crafted into a legal size folio measuring 16¼" x 11¼". It is designed with three sections plus an outside flap-pocket. The middle pocket incorporates a secure zipper closure. Fold the two handles out of sight and it carries comfortably under your arm. Use the folio for occasions where you simply don't need the capacity of an attache. Priced at a mere $34.95. Expect to pay $50, $60 even $80 for similar folios in fine stores.

HOW CAN WE DO IT?

We are obviously offering an exceptional value. That we are able to do so is the happy result of several interesting factors. First, we were able to locate a source of leather previously overlooked by the industry. It came to us by accident, but for obvious reasons must remain our secret. Second, we are not a traditional retailer, burdened by high fixed costs, sales commissions and wide arrays of product inventory. Instead, we specialize in offering just a very few items, each of which we strive to make outstanding. We have no stores. Our store is in effect this very advertisement you are reading. Finally, we sell directly to you the consumer. In short, we are efficient and price our products accordingly.



Our Director's Folio—same leathers and craftsmanship as the Attache, in a smaller package you can carry with pride.

WE STAND BEHIND YOUR PURCHASE

We are Beacon Scientific, a division of Beacon Photo Service, Inc., (a public company). We are proud of our company and the products we sell. Our reputation rides along with every product we advertise and every package we ship. As a measure of our confidence in this attache and director's folio, we invite you to see them for yourself. Examine them, even travel with them. If, for any reason, it isn't everything we say it is, return it within 15 days for a prompt refund of purchase price. Finished in your choice of Saddle Tan, Ebony or Chestnut. Please be advised that our supplies are limited. Due to the declining value of the dollar, we do not know how long we will be able to maintain this exceptional value. Remember, you are under no obligation. Order Today!

CREDIT CARD ORDERS
24 Hour Toll Free Service 1-800-257-7880
In N.J. call 1-800-322-8650 ASK FOR OPERATOR 114

*Registered trademarks

BEACON SCIENTIFIC

Dept. 002 482 Sunrise Hwy • Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11570

I understand that I am under no obligation and may return my purchase within 15 days for a prompt refund.

Please send:
- ☐ Attache Case(s) at $59.95, plus $3.00 postage/handling. (Color _____)
- ☐ Director's Folio(s) at $34.95, plus $2.00 postage/handling. (Color _____)

SPECIAL OFFER: Save $5.00 WHEN YOU ORDER A DIRECTOR'S FOLIO TOGETHER WITH AN ATTACHE.
- ☐ Attache Case and Director's Folio Combination Order at $89.95, plus $4.00 postage/handling.

_____
Print Name for Engraving

Use Separate piece of paper for multiple orders.

CHARGE IT:
☐ American Express ☐ Carte Blanche ☐ BankAmericard
☐ Master Charge ☐ Diners

Charge # _____ Exp. Date _____

SIGNATURE: _____

NAME: _____
(Please Print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NEW YORK STATE RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX

© Beacon Scientific MCMLXXVIII, a division of Beacon Photo Service, Inc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crafted Crime

IT IS NO DOUBT because the British are traditionally so law-abiding that British crime exerts so peculiar a fascination. Law-breaking has little significance among the lawless. In an ordered and trusting society, however, crime is a shocking violation of the premises of life, and the restoration of rationality by solving the crime becomes a vital necessity. The movies have always enjoyed the idea of crime in a country where murderous impulse may lurk under perfect civility. Three current films supply an entertaining tour of evolving British styles in crime and detection.

The Great Train Robbery (United Artists) begins the tour in the early Victorian age. Directed by Michael Crichton and drawn from his own novel, the film is a charmer. Much of the charm comes from the period sense—the tranquil, ornate pleasures of balanced language and rich, comfortable decor. We are in a London of carriages, top hats, muttonchop whiskers, of elegant mansions but also of sinister alleys and squalid slums. And we are shown a lot of it: public hangings, fireworks at the Crystal Palace, dogs killing rats in a pit before excited gamblers.

The genre is the "caper" film, transferred to the age before telephones, automobiles, and electricity. The target is a train carrying a large consignment of gold bullion. The hero is a Victorian MacHeath, played by Sean Connery with immense suavity and aplomb. "Do you ever tell anyone the truth?" his girl asks him. "The truth?" he replies after a moment's consideration. "No." Imperturbably amoral, he urbanely strangles a pathetic crook who had first helped and then informed on him. But the author adores him, and so in the end do we.

The caper is one of those in which everything must fall improbably into place in order to succeed; and succeed it almost does. Alas, Sean Connery is caught and convicted. But do not despair: Michael Crichton has one last surprise up his sleeve. Donald Sutherland is fruitily excellent as Connery's partner and Lesley-Anne Down decorative as the girl friend.

Murder by Decree (Avco Embassy) carries us forward 30 years to the high Victorian period. Bowlers have replaced top hats; hansom cabs, carriages; beards have shrunk, and mustachios receded. London remains the same mixture of elegance and squalor, but the atmosphere has darkened. The spread of industry has changed things. The burning of soft coal produces pervading fog; there is talk of anarchism, anti-Semitism, masonic conspiracies; there are premonitions of class war. *The Great Train Robbery* is a sunny movie, filled with inconsequence and fun. *Murder by Decree* is a dark movie, taking place predominantly in fog and shadow, in slums and madhouses.

Donald Sutherland and Sean Connery in The Great Train Robbery.

It is a Sherlock Holmes film, though the story never occurred to Conan Doyle. A group from the East End of London asks Holmes to track down Jack the Ripper. If the Ripper were murdering women in the West End, one of them says with Marxist fervor, the coppers would get him soon enough; but the toffs don't care what happens to working-class women in Whitechapel.

Holmes, played lucidly and thoughtfully by Christopher Plummer, takes up the challenge and eventually penetrates a cover-up that extends to Buckingham Palace. He is not, however, the Sherlock Holmes of our youth, the one who analyzed 140 different varieties of tobacco ash in his study and made brilliant deductions from fragmentary clues. The Holmes of *Murder by Decree* is less a man of ratiocination than of action. He is Philip Marlowe loose in Victorian London, darting down dark streets and engaging in hand-to-hand combat with the villains.

The fine actor James Mason is the best of Watsons; never has that familiar role received so subtle and humorous a rendition. And the reappearance of Donald Sutherland provides an eerie sense of continuity with *The Great Train Robbery*. One likes to think that Sean Connery's accomplice, retired on his stolen gold, has become in his later years the zonked-out psychic who tells Sherlock Holmes his visions of Jack the Ripper. The supporting cast of British character actors—John Gielgud, Anthony Quayle, David Hemmings, Frank Finlay—is splendid.

Yet the film is a disappointment. It lacks clarity. The exposition in the hands of Bob Clark, the director, is as murky as the lighting. *Murder by Decree* is not nearly so satisfying an extension of the Holmes canon as *The Seven Percent Solution* was a couple of years back. But it does offer at-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We found a place unspoiled by crowds, pollution and high prices. Portugal, with romantic castles, charming fishing villages and warm, friendly people. It's where we were happy to discover that a dollar still goes a long, long way. And we sure are happy we flew with TAP, the Airline of Portugal."

TAP can make you TAP-happy too. It costs less to fly to Europe with TAP, because Portugal is the country in continental Europe closest to America. And in Portugal, the hotel, restaurant and shopping prices will convince you that you're enjoying what is probably the very best travel bargain in Europe.

Flying with TAP will make you happy. Because it's an airline with ultra-modern equipment. And TAP even has its own training schools for pilots and flight attendants that are attended by personnel from some of the world's biggest airlines. That's why our crews are so efficient and why our on-board service makes you feel like a welcome guest in a Portuguese home.

A TAP tour can also take you to other beautiful places where your dollars still go a long way, like Spain and Morocco. So fly with TAP. And get TAP-happy.

TAP

THE AIRLINE OF PORTUGAL

We're as big as an airline should be.

TAP Tour Department
P.O. Box 941, Woodside, N.Y. 11377
Call toll-free 800-223-2406.
In New York call (212) 421-8500

1103811040179

Please send me TAP-happy tour brochures on Portugal, Spain and Morocco. I am interested in the following:

1. ☐ Local & Escorted Tours
2. ☐ Fly/Drive
3. ☐ Air/Sea Cruises
4. ☐ Jewish Heritage
5. ☐ Pilgrimage – Fatima
6. ☐ Sports
7. ☐ Wine Tours

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

LA 11/3

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Media wisdom from the mouth of Mr. Nautilus to the ears of William Esty.

(Ed Wolen, Co-owner, Nautilus Health Clubs in the Metropolitan Detroit area.)

"What, you may ask, does a muscular Adonis-type such as myself know about media buying?

"All I have to know is when it brings in more flabby thighs, more dropped derrieres and more muscles that can't cut the mustard, it's a good buy.

"When it does all that for very little money, it's a great buy.

"Three years ago, when we opened our first NFL-equipped exercise center, we didn't exactly have money to throw around. And the competition was rough.

"Today, we've got a chain of five successful centers, thanks in some small part to what we've learned about media.

"Of course, we have our usual media buy—radio, newspaper and TV Guide. But last year, for a special promotion, we wanted to add a little extra muscle to our schedule—and didn't want to spend big bucks doing it.

"We turned to Magazine Networks."

(MNI, as you probably know, is an inexpensive way to buy national upscale magazines in compatible local groups.

With networks you can choose geographically, demographically, even psychographically. In markets as local and diverse as Beverly Hills, Brooklyn, Kansas City and Kalamazoo.)

"So there we were—full page—in Esquire, Playboy and Sports Illustrated.

"And now, we have so much cellulite on our hands, we don't know where to put it."

(If you want to find out more about Magazine Networks and how it can be used for—you should pardon the expression—heavy-ups, test marketing or special promotions, call Jim Hagan at (213) 478-2596.)

There's a lesson to be learned from a man who buys media with his own money.

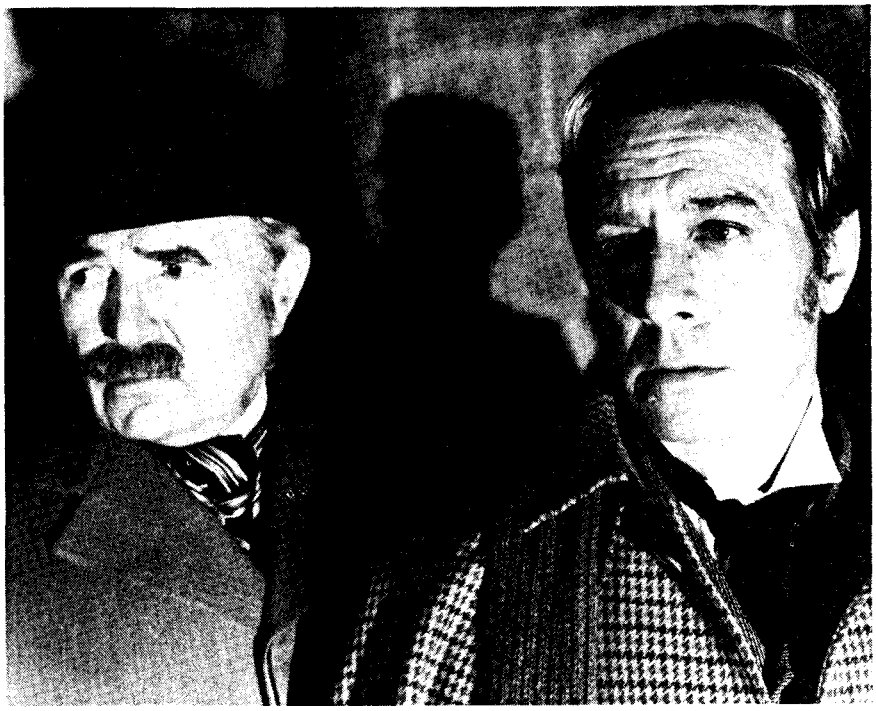
MNi

© 1977 Media Networks, Inc., 600 Third Ave., New York, New York 10016

LA 11/4

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mospheric pleasures, and John Hopkins's dialogue mostly rings true. I was sorry, however, to hear Dr. Watson say at one point, "You seem strangely disinterested, Holmes." It took the later 20th century thus to corrupt the word "disinterested." What a good Victorian like Watson would have said, of course, is, "You seem strangely uninterested, Holmes." He would have known that disinterested means impartial, not indifferent.



James Mason as Watson and Christopher Plummer as Holmes in Murder by Decree.

Agatha (First Artists-Warner Bros.) carries us forward another 40 years.

Redgrave as Agatha in Christieland.

It is the 1920s. We are less in London now than in Christieland—country houses and seaside spas. The film takes off from an actual incident. In December 1926 Colonel Archibald Christie told his wife of a dozen years, already a popular detective-story writer, that he wanted to divorce her and marry his secretary. Agatha Christie then disappeared and was found some days later living in the resort town of Harrogate under the name of her husband's mistress. No one knows whether it was design, confusion, or amnesia. Kathleen Tynan's graceful screenplay offers a solution to the mystery in the best Agatha Christie style.

Agatha, like the other films, enjoys its period—cloche hats, tea dances, the Charleston. The plot is crafty; the narration is clear and fluid. But the movie acquires a quality of real loveliness from the exceptional performances by the two stars. Vanessa Redgrave's Agatha is a triumph. Her portrayal of an excruciatingly shy, tremulously intense, hopelessly vulnerable woman who finds inner strength and radiance through ordeal and anguish is one of this exquisite actress's finest. Dustin Hoffman, as the brisk American journalist who restores Agatha's sense of self-worth, conveys a marvelous sensitivity beneath an air of lacquered confidence.

The Great Train Robbery is an ingenious mechanical toy and *Murder by Decree* a confusing puzzle. *Agatha* touches the heart.

—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Give us a few days and we'll improve your tennis for life.

A few days of intensive, concentrated instruction at an All American Tennis Camp will do more for your game than months of weekly lessons.

You'll get up to 5 hours of instruction daily including private lessons. You'll hit thousands of balls. An instructor will be across the net from you every minute. You'll learn from video tape replays, ball machine practice, actual play, even films.

Beginner, Intermediate, Advanced Programs

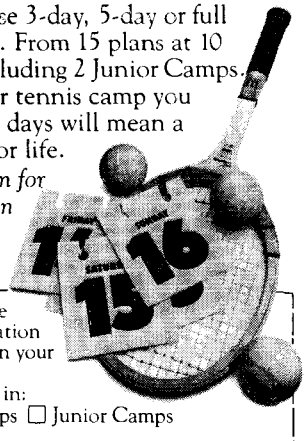
There are never more than four equally matched players to an instructor. Beginners concentrate on fundamentals. Intermediates learn how to get off their plateaus. And advanced players work on strategies that make all the difference.

10 Locations - 15 Different Plans

You can choose 3-day, 5-day or full week sessions. From 15 plans at 10 locations, including 2 Junior Camps.

Whichever tennis camp you choose, a few days will mean a better game for life.

Mail coupon for free information Or call collect 212-697-9220.



Please send me without obligation information on your tennis camps.
I'm interested in:
☐ Adult Camps ☐ Junior Camps

NAME (please print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

All American Sports

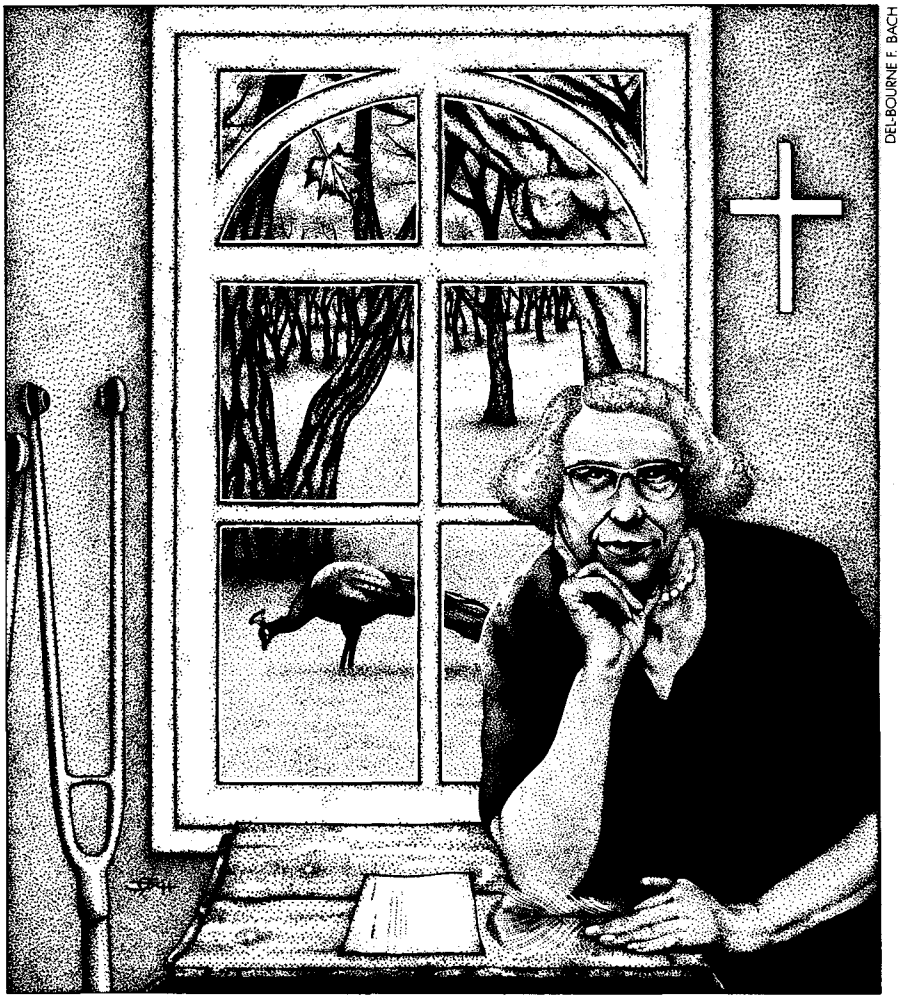
Dept. R1, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Habit of Genius

by Mary Gordon

Flannery O'Connor: The Habit of Being
Selected and edited by Sally Fitzgerald
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 617 pp., $15



DEL-BOURNE F. BACH

After Flannery O'Connor's death, Katharine Anne Porter wrote to a mutual friend, "I am always astonished at Flannery's pictures, which show nothing of her grace. She was very slender with beautiful, smooth feet and ankles: she had a fine, clear, rosy skin and beautiful eyes."

O'Connor's face was a peculiar one for a writer, even allowing for the effects of the disease she contracted at 25. Not all writers are beauties, but usually there is something in the face to suggest distinction—a habit, if not of fashion, then of style. No face could appear less fashionable or stylish than Flannery O'Connor's; it is accepted rather than invented; it is a face from the provinces. In her early photographs, her expression is sour; a fearful, pure intelligence presents itself, unqualified by deep affections. There is no humor in the face here; she is sullen, judging; she is Mary Grace in "Revelation," she is Hulga in "Good Country People."

Later, after years of illness, she is oddly more attractive. Prematurely aged, she has grown graceful; the sourness is gone, the humor enters. Still, it does not seem a writer's face; rather that of an aunt more educated than the rest of the family, full of good sense and works of mercy, sharp-tongued but practical in a crisis. It is a face untouched by sexual experience or curiosity, which is why, perhaps, it seems not one of our own.

She was born in Milledgeville in Georgia, in 1925, attended the local women's college there, and went north for the first time at 22 to become part of the School for Writers at the State University of Iowa. At 25, when she was living with Sally and Robert Fitzgerald in Connecticut, she discovered that she had *lupus erythematosus*, the disease that had killed her father. She knew she was dying, and she knew that her physical disintegration would take years. She returned to Milledgeville, where she lived on the family farm with her mother until her death 14 years later.

She seems to belong to another age, but then in what age could one place her? Certainly she is a kind of Puritan, but of a very particular variety. Her interest lay not in the damnation of her characters, but in their redemption. She has the formality and the reasonableness of a neoclassicist, the social acuity of a Victorian. But the darkness of her conclusions about the world, a darkness illumined only by her belief in mystery and in mysterious salvation, personally expressed in a passionate, traditional Catholicism, creates both her appeal for modern readers and their problems with her.

Revered by a small world of critics and serious readers, she has never achieved even a remotely popular reputation. She is less well known than her

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fellow Southerners, Katharine Anne Porter and Eudora Welty. Perhaps this is because her greatest genius is expressed in short stories, and the form of the short story has always attracted a smaller, if fiercer, audience than the novel. This, in addition to the quirkiness and difficulty of her themes, assured her a limited, passionate audience. In her lifetime she published two novels, *Wise Blood* (1952) and *The Violent Bear It Away* (1960). But it is on a collection of short stories, *A Good Man Is Hard to Find* (1956), and a posthumous collection of short stories, *Everything That Rises Must Converge*, that her reputation largely rests.

For O'Connor, having the habit of art (a phrase of Maritain's she found congenial) began by having the habit of looking. It was the particular habit of her genius. And yet, in all the time spent looking, she seemed to see little of beauty, either in nature or in her own kind. Her essay about peacocks, which she raised with devotion and pleasure, speaks of their beauty, but in an unmoved voice. In her letters and essays she reports their activities with the dull eye of a farm wife. One imagines that in her mind the word "beauty" was always preceded by the word "mere." Why, then, did she go on looking? Because it amused her, and was her vocation. And why, if the central mystery that shaped her life was, as she said, the Incarnation, the Son of God's taking on human flesh, was her approach to the human: "Anything the human being touches, even Christian truth, he deforms slightly in his own image." She says deforms, not forms: The human contact is always destructive. One is reminded of a similar perception of Gerard Manley Hopkins's in "God's Grandeur":

And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell.

But Hopkins's vision shows the presence of God overcoming the corruption of the natural in its own terms:

And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the deepest freshness deep down things.

Like most contemporary Catholics, O'Connor found that nature didn't matter very much, and that although individual humans could achieve redemption, the race remained, in this world, unredeemed. Whereas the theological center of her life is the mystery of the Incarnation, the emotional one is the doctrine of original sin. Redemptions occur so frequently in her fiction because they are needed so badly. The natural order provides no redemption; it occurs through unlikely means—violence, ugliness—and is always unearned.

It is hard to imagine the possessor of such a vision doing something so ordinary as writing a letter. And indeed, these letters are, at first, a bit inhuman. Sure of herself, with an integrity that never wavered, she was sustained from the beginning by her work, her faith, her family, and remained untouched, even in the face of death, by commoner forms of uncertainty.

Her strength was always evident. In 1949, when she was only 24, she wrote the following astonishing words to her agent, in response to a critical letter from her editor at Rinehart:

The criticism is vague and really tells me nothing except that they don't like it. I feel the objections they raise are connected with its virtues, and the thought of working with them specifically to correct these lacks they mention is repulsive to me. The letter is addressed to a slightly dim-witted Camp Fire Girl, and I cannot look with composure on getting a lifetime of others like them.

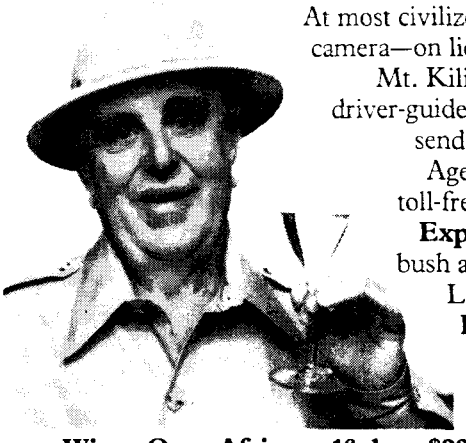
There are not many 24-year-olds who would be unmoved by the remarks of a professional, one's first editor. But O'Connor, although she often asked for criticism from her friends and was glad to make changes when she thought them improvements, was always quick to contradict sharply any criticism she disagreed with.

Isolated as she was, O'Connor made and kept many friends through her correspondence. There is little chit-chat in her letters, and she uses the letters to discuss important matters with the people she values but does not often get to see. The important matters are always the same: writing and the Church.

It is surprising to discover the writers whom she favors. She reveres Nabokov and says he is her most important contemporary influence. She hotly defends *Lolita*. "All these moralists who condemn Lolita give me the creeps." She admires J.F. Powers, Salinger, Malamud, Iris Murdoch, and her friend John Hawkes; she detests, naturally, James Jones, Capote, Carson McCullers, and is critical of Updike and Styron. She is far from a knee-jerk Catholic in her literary responses, equivocal about Greene and Waugh and bored by Bernanos.

She is at her most generous when criticizing the manuscripts of her friends. What a superb and practical critic she was, and how helpful: "Don't name any streets Oak and Main. Even

"We'll show you wildest Africa in the most civilized style."



At most civilized prices to boot. Feast your eyes—and camera—on lions, gorillas, wildebeest, Victoria Falls, Mt. Kilimanjaro. Explore with an experienced driver-guide. For the complete story on our safaris, send for our brochure, and call your Travel Agent. Or call British Airways at our local toll-free number in your telephone directory.

Explorer Safari—16 days $695. Kenya, bush and beach. Masai Mara Game Reserve. Lake Naivasha. Diani Beach, Mombasa.

Livingstone Safari—13 days $1090. Tanzania-Zambia. The Ngorongoro Crater. Olduvai Gorge. Serengeti Park. Dar es Salaam. Victoria Falls.

Wings Over Africa—16 days $2250. Kenya by private plane. Samburu Game Reserve. Lorogi Plateau. Mount Kenya. Masai Mara Game Reserve.

Safaris available from New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C. Prices include all accommodations, transfers, fees, and most meals. Airfare additional

British Airways, Box 457, Dept. 168A-396
Fresh Meadows, New York 11365
Please send me the "Holidays in Africa" brochure.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State____ Zip_____
My Travel Agent is_____

British airways
We'll take more care of you.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if they are that kind of street, cease and desist...." "Strangle that word *dreams*...." "If there is no possibility for change in a character, we have no interest in him.... You could correct this by having the boy not quite so evil, by having him hesitate before each of his evil acts and decide on the evil for a reason which he figures out. Otherwise there is no use to write about him....In fiction everything that has an explanation has to have it and the residue is Mystery with a Capital M."

These letters are particularly valuable in their revelations of O'Connor's intentions about her work, sometimes in specific stories. I have always wondered if the Catholic aspects of her fiction were an overlay contributed by wishful Catholic readers. Aware of this tendency in some readers and critics, she writes to John Hawkes, "I am afraid that one of the great disadvantages of being known as a Catholic writer is that no one thinks you can lift the pen without trying to show somebody redeemed." But clearly, her faith informed her life and her fiction. She refers to *The Violent Bear It Away* as "a very minor hymn to the Eucharist." She interprets the Misfit's murder of the grandmother in "A Good Man Is Hard to Find" as "a moment of grace for her ... but it leads him to shoot her. This moment of grace excites the devil to frenzy." Her more general, theoretical ideas about the relationship of her faith to her work, which she perfects in *Mystery and Manners*, seem to have begun in her letters. I was delighted to see her answer, in a letter to Sister Mariella Gable in 1963, a question that had always puzzled me: Why does she write always about Protestants, never about Catholics?

I can write about Protestant believers better than Catholic believers—because they express their belief in diverse kinds of dramatic action which is obvious enough for me to catch. I can't write about anything subtle. Another thing, the prophet is a man apart. He is not typical of a group. Old Tarwater is not typical of the Southern Baptist or the Southern Methodist. Essentially, he's a crypto-Catholic. When you leave a man alone with his Bible and the Holy Ghost inspires him, he's going to be a Catholic one way or another, even though he knows nothing about the visible Church. His kind of Christianity may not be socially desirable, but it will be real in the sight of God. If I set myself to write about a socially desirable Christianity, all the life would go out of what I do. And if I set myself to write about the essence of Christianity, I would have to quit writing fiction, or become another person.

I wish I did not find this explanation so tortuous, as I wish I found some of her apologetics more accessible. It is far easier to embrace her theories about fiction than her theories about faith. It must be remembered that O'Connor was a strict Catholic who believed all the dogma of the Church, and obeyed all its rules, including the one that demanded she ask permission of a priest before she read a book on the Index. Her stand on birth control is a bit chilling:

The Church's stand on birth control is the most absolutely spiritual of her stands and with all of us being materialists at heart, there is little wonder that it causes unease. I wish various fathers would quit trying to defend it by saying that the world can support 40 billion. I will rejoice when they say, "This is right, whether we all rot on top of each other or not, dear children, as we certainly may. Either practice restraint or be prepared for crowding...."

It would be easy, and in some ways a comfort, if one were able to dismiss O'Connor's faith by reducing it to such bristling simplicities. But her faith is

And yet, in all the time spent looking, she seemed to see little of beauty.

complicated. Neither mystical nor social in orientation, she sees the Church as the visible symbol of order; it is, as such, invaluable to her, particularly in the context of modern disorder. Yet she is not deceived about the Church's shortcomings. She sees them, but they do not daunt her. To her friend Cecil Dawkins she writes:

"You judge it (the Church) strictly by its human element, by unimaginative and half-dead Catholics who would be startled to know the nature of what they defend by formula. The miracle is that the Church's doctrine is kept pure both by and from such people. Nature is not prodigal of genius, and the Church makes do with what nature gives her. At the age of 11, you encounter some old priest who calls you a heretic for inquiring about evolution; at about the same time Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, S.J., is in China discovering Peking man.

The Church, for O'Connor, has little to do with its personnel and less to do with their conduct:

I am a Catholic peculiarly possessed of the modern consciousness, that thing Jung describes as unhistorical, solitary, and guilty. To possess this *within* the Church is to bear a burden, the necessary burden for the conscious Catholic. It's to feel the contemporary situation at the ultimate level. I think that the Church is the only thing that is going to make the terrible world we are coming to endurable; the only thing that makes the Church endurable is that it is somehow the body of Christ and that on this we are fed. It seems to be a fact that you have to suffer as much from the Church as for it but if you believe in the divinity of Christ, you have to cherish the world at the same time that you struggle to endure it.

O'Connor's faith sustained her through a severely circumscribed life and the knowledge of a progressively worsening illness and certain early death. But resignation is not a term one associates with her life; her response is altogether grander and more energetic:

I sent you the other Sewell piece and the one on St. Thomas & Freud. This latter has the answer in it to what you call my struggle to submit, which is not a struggle to submit but a struggle to accept and with passion. I mean, possibly, with joy. Picture me with my ground teeth stalking joy—fully armed too as it's a highly dangerous quest. The other day I ran upon a wonderful quotation: "The dragon is at the side of the road watching those who pass. Take care lest he devour you: You are going to the Father of souls, but it is necessary to pass by the dragon."

The Church, she says, saved her about two thousand years in learning how to write. Its language and its mode of thinking led her as well to perceptions like "Part of purgatory must be the realization of how little it would have to take to make a vice into a virtue," which give her fiction the dimension of transcendence that distinguishes it from most contemporary writing.

She chose to deal with her illness by retiring to rural Georgia to live on a farm with her mother. Her letters to her beloved friends are never effusive, barely even emotional. But, as she says to one of them, "I come from a family where the only emotion respectable to show is irritation." Her deep concern for the people she loves expresses itself in practical ways: jokes; concern for health, both physical and spiritual; a willingness to write recommendations and criticize manuscripts; to look for gingerbread mix and funny clippings for friends in Europe. Her last letter is to Maryat Lee, and it is full of worry about an anonymous phone call Maryat has received in New York. Flannery writes, "Cowards can be just as vicious as those who declare themselves—more so. Don't take any romantic attitude toward that call." A

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

few days later, Flannery was dead.

Courage is Flannery O'Connor's cardinal virtue, both in her life and in her work. Her fiction compels us because of its daring: It has to do with the people and the events we, most of us, are afraid to consider. The irony and formality of her language make the situations bearable. Her life, too, was full of courage and a sense of irony and formality. There is no hint of self-pity or anguish: Her acceptance of her fate was complete. But it was not merely a serene acceptance; she was aware of the irony of her destiny, of how the enforced limitations of her life may have been responsible for the perfection of her work. Flannery O'Connor first went north at 22; perhaps she would have stayed there had she not become ill. What would she have written in Iowa or in Connecticut, living a freer life? As it was, she knew her work and settled down to it, realizing that she would not live long, would not live free of pain.

These letters are a treasure, or as Flannery would have said, a grace. Funny, relentless, deeply touching, they reveal the mind of one of our least personal writers. Sally Fitzgerald's introduction is a model of loving understanding: It illuminates what the letters obscure or distort; it acknowledges the less attractive aspects of O'Connor's character, accepts them, and tries to put them in context. Flannery O'Connor's personal voice is a deep pleasure, if sometimes a harsh one. It is, as Catholics used to say, an edification.

Mary Gordon is the author of Final Payments *(Random House).*

Changing Old Man Time's Act

Timewarps
by John Gribbin
Delacorte/Eleanor Friede
194 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Alan Harrington

ONE WEEKEND MORNING a number of years ago, my friend Jack and his wife were wakened by a rapping on the bedroom door. Their small son drowsily announced: "I've just had this dream. Willie Mays is going to hit four home runs tomorrow." Reproved and sent back to bed, the boy wandered off. But the next day, to his father's consternation ("Think of the bet I could have got down!"), Willie Mays *did* just that, performing a feat equaled only a half-dozen times in

"Jazz music's one true poet."
—*FM Guide*

"*Whitney Balliett*," wrote *The New York Times Book Review*, "can pay tribute without being maudlin or fawning. In his profiles, he humanizes musicians." In the 14 profiles collected in this book, *The New Yorker*'s jazz critic focuses his acclaimed talents on singers like Ray Charles, Tony Bennett, Mabel Mercer, Bobby Short, and Alberta Hunter—the artists who have made the "non-classical" song a modern classic. $10.00

Whitney Balliett
American singers
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS 200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Journey with one of the world's great novelists into a realm as haunting as his fiction.

"The first novel in world literature is woven of islands and the sea," John Fowles writes of *The Odyssey*. The connection between islands and the human imagination is the subject of this rich and reflective work, which sweeps from Homer to *The Tempest* to the author's own experiences in the Scilly Isles. Complementing Fowles's text are a series of island photographs of almost unearthly beauty by Fay Godwin. "Fowles is in top form here; siren-like, he draws the reader into his imaginative excursion. Godwin's sensitive, brooding photos expertly render sea and land, light and shadow."—*Publishers Weekly* $10.95

ISLANDS
JOHN FOWLES
Photographs by Fay Godwin

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

baseball history.

Many of us have had or heard about such precognitive flashes, instances of seeming clairvoyance or telepathic communication, dreams of somebody's arrival, good or ill fortune, accident, death—and then the event's actually taking place. Sensibly, we tend to dismiss these episodes as coincidences. The rational person prefers not to think about them. Stories of this kind, eagerly devoured by mush-heads of the world who adore unsolved mysteries, insult common sense. Yet documented accounts of hard-to-explain insights across space and time persist, and are by no means rare.

In *Timewarps* John Gribbin offers a trip through the wonders of space-time, during which flukes of cognition are seen as not at all mysterious. Rather he presents such events as "slippages" of information from a future that has already occurred, in a cosmos made up of parallel universes, coexisting in multiple time frames, some behind ours, others ahead, and still others "sideways" in time from the one to which we must for now—from our limited point of view—be confined. Gribbin, who has a doctorate in astrophysics from Cambridge University (England), begins:

> Sober scientists with impeccable academic credentials... calmly inform us that ...time isn't something that flows inexorably forward at the steady pace indicated by clocks and calendars, but that it can be warped and distorted in nature, with the end product being different depending on just where you are measuring it from.

Starting from this Einsteinian frame, Gribbin takes off across a wild frontier of time-travel possibilities. A good many of his ideas will be familiar to science-fiction readers. He pays tribute to the works of outriding Sci Fi novelists, as frequently "more intelligible than ... mathematical physics," his aim being to put "factual flesh on the bones of their fantasies."

Gribbin projects fascinating "time dilation effects" in four-dimensional space-time. As a backdrop he cites the view of eminent astronomer Sir Fred Hoyle, who is also a Sci Fi novelist, that "everything [already] exists; everything that was and everything that will be are in existence at all times...." Interestingly we have from T.S. Eliot in *Four Quartets:*

> Or say that the end precedes the beginning,
> And the end and the beginning were always there
> Before the beginning and after the end.

Gribbin goes on: That "... our consciousness... gives us a feeling of history and of time passing ... is just an illusion." Therefore, "every consciousness state can be triggered and retriggered indefinitely and in any order. We may ... relive our youth and age repeatedly ... and never know it!"

Further: "We may simply be single facets of one all-embracing cosmic consciousness... one super-mind whose attention flickers across an array of pigeonholes representing our lives or events in our lives."

Granted such a cosmic condition, our experience of here and now has no exclusive validity. The "flickering attention" allows for the alternate reality of whatever *could* be. Time splits into multiple scenarios in other frames taking form elsewhere or "elsewhen." In one time frame you are going down

(went down, will go down) the path to Eliot's rose garden; in another, you are not, did not, will not... and, depending on where you happen to be coming from at which time, all these outcomes are equally *so*.

Gribbin undertakes to show how some day we will be able to cross over to next-door universes in two ways. First, by maneuvering a rocket probe (he goes into detail here, making the passage credible) through a rotating black hole in space, where matter is crushed to absolute density, with all time stopped, and finding on the other side "the bizarre possibility of a backwards universe running alongside our own" that would allow an explorer entry into events *back* as well as forward in time. Secondly, theoretical physics has postulated the existence of *tachyons*, faster-than-light (FTL) particles. If they exist, "and the balance of evidence now is in their favor," we may be able to capture and utilize an FTL particle stream "to communicate with universes that *always* traveled faster than light relative to us."

Communication from other time frames, Gribbin suggests, may account for accurate flights of prophecy, idiot savants, subjects in trances, say, suddenly speaking in Arabic that they never learned, visions of a past life, *déjà vu*, and all such baffling phenomena.

"Free will and a fixed future pattern of events may be quite compatible," he concludes. "If an infinite variety of... future worlds exists, across a fan sideways in time ... we have the option of choosing by our actions which path across this fixed future landscape we will take."

Oddly, in his depth analysis of space-time Gribbin hardly touches on the impact of modern computers, which in many areas have practically annihilated time, and in terms of problem-solving made its traditional values obsolete. Even more surprisingly, while assuming the validity of Jung's collective unconscious, he fails altogether to mention our now commonplace means of entering that state. Substances like LSD 25, mescaline, and peyote, which alter our minds, distort time drastically, and perhaps open up glimpses of the worlds that, in the view put forth in this book, may exist alongside ours.

A passing phrase of Gribbin's may be revealing. He refers to the "Holy Grail of time travel." What's this? May we detect a longing? Possibly this brilliant astrophysicist, having written a startling and provocative book, remains for all that one more artful dodger of our mortality. The time-manipulator himself still ages. The dreamer, though he may jump from one universe to the next, dies no matter what the dream. Until medical science changes his act, Old Man Time, just as Jimmy Durante sang about him, counts down all our days, and Dr. John Gribbin's too.

Among Alan Harrington's recent books are The Immortalist, Psychopaths, *and the novel* Paradise I.

Books in Brief

Margaret Sanger: A Biography of the Champion of Birth Control
by Madeline Gray
Richard Marek, 496 pp., $15

MARGARET SANGER was not, it seems, a nice person. Preoccupied by the demands of scheduling her transatlantic, and sometimes simultaneous, love affairs with Havelock Ellis, H.G. Wells, Hugh de Selincourt, and others, she was often too busy to answer the letters of her children—let alone those of her two husbands, each of whom, in his turn, remained loyal to a fault. Worse

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

still, Sanger was heartily disliked by many of her colleagues in the birth-control movement; she tended to sacrifice the good of the cause to her craving for personal publicity and, in the end, became indifferent to the fine distinctions between her own expenses and those of her organization.

No doubt Sanger anticipated that many episodes in her life would be unflattering when set forth in cold print, for when Madeline Gray first gained access to her subject's private letters and diaries she discovered, stuffed among the files, a handwritten note apologizing to any future biographer because "I am not consistent and have seldom revealed what I really believe."

In response, Gray has written a biography that is unflinching but not ungenerous: She makes us appreciate the singular energy and charm of this woman who continued to inspire admiration in those who were in the best position to understand her shortcomings. But this book fails to explore the very consistency between Sanger's behavior and her feminist credo, which claimed for women the "right to be lazy" and the "right to destroy" as well as the "right to create." Gray never makes the mistake of condemning Sanger for faults that would be overlooked in a man. But she does seem irritated and at times unsympathetic to Sanger's personal weaknesses, and neglects her equally controversial infatuation with the eugenics movements. What the reader will surely have to supply for his or herself is a sense of the tension between Sanger's frantic search for sexual and romantic fulfillment and her public rebellion against the dogma that a woman's anatomy is her destiny.

—JOYCE MILTON

Engine Summer
by John Crowley
Doubleday, 182 pp., $7.95

AS ELEGIAC AS Indian summer, the season of its title, this wistful novel takes place a thousand years after our civilization has overextended itself and fallen to ruins. Occasionally survivors wander through the woods on the ancient turnpikes; somewhere a city floats forgotten through the sky. The world has become a pastoral idyll. Each isolated group has developed its own tiny culture, its own attitude toward the inscrutable and indestructible plastic trinkets of the past, its own legends, games, and ways of knowing.

The measure of any society is how it raises its children, and here the narrator, Rush that Speaks, is chiefly concerned with his own upbringing and how he came to see the world as he

The poems of Pope John Paul II

Photo: Rex Features

Easter Vigil & Other Poems
by KAROL WOJTYLA
Translated by Jerzy Peterkiewicz

Here, in a special gift edition of his poems, Pope John Paul II demonstrates his remarkable qualities of warmth, compassion, and sensitivity which have captured the imagination of people of all faiths throughout the world. Whether he is writing about a factory worker, a blind man, a girl in love...the meaning of artistic creativity or religious faith...the Holy Father shows himself to be a man of rare intellectual stature and deep humanity.

42 poems in the only English translation authorized by the Vatican; plus one poem in the original Polish.

$5, now at your bookstore • Also available in a Limited Deluxe Edition, slipcased, $10

RANDOM HOUSE

A cold eye on the hot trends.

What's behind the ongoing boom in the American film industry? Packaging, politics, promotion, powerhouse financiers, and even some real talent—these are the factors James Monaco examines in his wide-ranging dissection of the "Hollywood Renaissance." "A marvelously informed, witty, insightful book. I think I even learned a few things about myself."—Paul Mazursky

American Film Now
The People, the Power, the Money, the Movies
James Monaco
With 200 illustrations, $19.95

Of related interest...
BORN TO LOSE: The Gangster Film in America by Eugene Rosow $15.95
AMERICAN SILENT FILM by William K. Everson $17.50

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A guide, a history, an experience.

Evocative, practical, and authoritative, this latest addition to the acclaimed *Observed* series explores the two faces of Egypt: the awesome splendors of its ancient civilization and the colorful vitality of its modern culture. With 128 photographs, half in color; oversize format; $19.95

EGYPT OBSERVED

Henri Gougaud and Colette Gouvion

Translated by Stephen Hardman

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

Of related interest...
EGYPT OF THE PHARAOHS: An Introduction by Sir Alan Gardiner
$5.95, paperbound

"All things considered, Aggie, it's been a pretty good year. Old George didn't go off the deep end. Mr. Dolan didn't throw in the towel and Uncle Jack didn't lose all his marbles. Sue Belle didn't flip her wig, Grandpa's still hanging in, and Aunt Edna Haskins hasn't checked out."

does. Since the experience of perception is unique and difficult to share, the author describes such insights elliptically, resorting to metaphor, parable, and riddle with brilliant effect. We share several modes of awareness, and the special visions of these societies are memorable. In a larger sense, the whole novel is a parable of growing up; in their simple assumptions about the world before them, all of these characters are as clear as children.

Somewhere between science fiction and fantasy, *Engine Summer* views technology primarily as a collection of unrepeatable artifacts; its real concern is with alternate varieties of being human. A lyric adventure as concerned with the meaning of actions as with the actions themselves, it presents a meditative world that should appeal to lovers of the great fantasies. Crowley has published some science fiction previously; here he has gone beyond his genre into that hilly country on the borderlands of literature.

—CHARLES NICOL

Faithful Ruslan
by Georgi Vladimov
Translated by Michael Glenny
Simon & Schuster, 224 pp., $9.95

GEORGI VLADIMOV's alternatives to Solzhenitsyn's massive authentication of the Gulag are indirection and aftermath, a guard dog's view of Siberian prison camps and the more subtle imprisonment that comes with survival and release. Although Vladimov's novelistic duplicity was not sufficient to get *Faithful Ruslan*, completed in 1965, past the censors and into print in Russia, this animal story travels well in both space and time, probably because its animals—as animals—are more interesting than its humans.

Ruslan is a perfect protagonist in the land of Pavlov. Trained by "the Service" to enforce the rules of prison life, Ruslan is confused, as is a human survivor called the "Shabby Man," when the camps are disbanded. Conditioned oppressors and victims alike continue their behaviors in the "enlightened" Khrushchev era. Vladimov surrounds Ruslan with guard dogs who respond differently to post-camp life, but it is the conservative, the faithful Ruslan who occupies our attention. His loyalty and pride, which are also his weakness and destruction, make him into a four-footed tragic hero. Short and classic in contour, *Faithful Ruslan* has enough violent detail of camp life to be persuasive and enough humor (Ruslan is as dense as a dog about some things) to mediate that suasion. Ideological intricacy and historical reference are present, but, quite paradoxically, the hu-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mane crises of dog Ruslan are what evoke our interest and sympathy.

Though Georgi Vladimov's work has been banned from publication in Russia for the last 10 years, he has, according to his translator, continued to write fiction. If the artful conscience of *Faithful Ruslan* is representative of this unpublished work, I hope it too can soon be smuggled into our hands.

—THOMAS LECLAIR

On Trial at Nuremberg
by Airey Neave
Little, Brown, 348 pp., $12.95

IN LATE 1945, a young English officer named Airey Neave was assigned the unpleasant task of serving indictments on the major defendants at Nuremberg and aiding in the preparation of their defense. Now a member of Parliament, Neave has never stopped reflecting on the implications of Nuremberg. *On Trial at Nuremberg* represents his mature judgment on the major defendants and the methods used to try them. Although Neave tells us nothing new about the trial, he argues plausibly, if not convincingly, for the justice of the proceedings.

Neave knew too much about the defendants to be moved by their anguish in defeat. When confronted with evidence of their crimes, they pitied only themselves. Whatever their outward differences, they remained chauvinists and anti-Semites to the end. Possibly excepting Jodl, Sauckel, and Hess, the defendants were not entitled to a mercy that they had never granted their victims.

By Neave's account, the accused were given every opportunity to defend themselves. Justice Lawrence presided with scrupulous fairness. But Neave avoids questioning the propriety of victors judging the vanquished under novel principles of international law. Recalling the vengeful spirit of 1945, Neave reasons that documenting Nazi crimes publicly was preferable to summarily executing the German leaders.

Perhaps the Nuremberg trial provided the best justice available in 1945, but the legal principles established at Nuremberg have subsequently indicted the Allied victors. Stalin's immorality rivaled Hitler's; the United States and England indiscriminately bombed civilian populations during World War II. Hitler's henchmen make easy targets for moral outrage. They were, as Neave asserts, "evil, second-rate, and corrupt." Neave's failure to confront the implications of Allied atrocities leaves us with the specter of unpunished crimes committed in the name of human decency.

—DENNIS WILLIAMS

SR 4/14/79

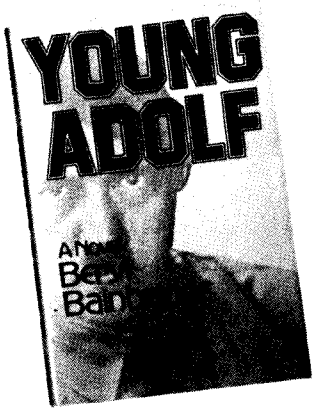
EUROPE BY CAR
45 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10020
Phone: (212) 581-3040
9000 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069
Phone: (213) 272-0424
SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL • PURCHASE
ALSO EURAIL/YOUTH PASS

If You Love Words,
you'll love **VERBATIM**, The Language Quarterly dealing with all aspects of language. Send $5.00 (U.S.) or $5.50 (elsewhere) for a 1-year subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased. Allow 6 weeks.
VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 668 BX ESSEX, CT. 06426 U.S.A.

FREE DOVER CATALOG
2000 attractive paperbacks from $1.00 to $5.00, formerly $10.00 to $500.00. Art, music, philosophy, anthropology, architecture, chess, juveniles, design, photography, Americana. By Einstein, H.G. Wells, Spinoza, Botvinnik, Braque, Shaw. 64 page catalog absolutely **FREE!** Write Dover Publications, Dept. 99, 180 Varick Street, New York, N.Y. 10014. *"America's most imaginative reprint publisher"*—Time Magazine.

THINGS FOR KIDS TO GROW WITH . . . Books and other special items to make your children or grandchildren's lives a little fuller, minds a little broader, days a little better. Pre-school through early teens. For FREE 32-page catalog call TOLL FREE 800-553-1163 (Continental U.S. except Iowa) or write: The Kids' Corner, Dept. 7907, 1235 W. 5th Street, Davenport, IA. 52808.

"Fiction, bloody marvelous fiction . . ."
Barbara Bannon, *Publishers Weekly*



"She has succeeded in the seemingly impossible task of making him interesting and human — one begins to think of him as "young Adolf" rather than as "Hitler" — without giving him any sympathy whatsoever. . . . *Young Adolf* is wildly, broadly funny: gallows humor at its most extreme." *Atlantic Monthly*

20,000 First Printing

A Book-of-the-Month Club Alternate

$7.95

George Braziller, Inc.
One Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016

There really is no mysterious or fearful aura surrounding the nature of a human being and his world. What has been lacking are simple straightforward answers to a few questions. Here are such answers to some

QUESTIONS ON OCULTISM

By Dr. Ernest Wood

205p. $3.75 Quality softcover

Is there a way to overcome fear?
What is "ready-money" karma?
Does hypnotism retard spiritual advancement?
Can one learn yoga without a teacher?
What really is worthwhile?

Quest books are published to help humanity in a search for life's meaning
At bookstores or order from Quest Books, Dept. SR, 306 W. Geneva Rd., Wheaton, IL 60187

The Folger Book
of Shakespeare Quotations
Compiled and arranged
by Burton Stevenson
A handy, thoroughly indexed reference work that belongs in every home library.
770 pp. $16.95 cloth

Folger Books
Published by the Folger Shakespeare Library
201 East Capitol Street
Washington, D.C. 20003

Cultural Expedition to Khyber Pass and Indus Valley
Afghanistan
In the footsteps of Alexander, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane and Marco Polo explore ancient cities of remarkable history. Be among the first to visit Nuristan. Study the ruins of Indus Valley civilization. Small escorted groups, expert lectures. Departures in fall and spring. Write for details.
Society Expeditions
Dept. SR Box 5088, University Station, Seattle, WA 98105
Name
Street
City/State/Zip
Expeditions also to: ☐ Antarctica ☐ Amazon ☐ New Guinea ☐ Galapagos ☐ Easter Island ☐ Patagonia ☐ Mongolia ☐ Tunisia

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE WINDS

Bookie Monster

FAR FROM PUTTING an end to publishing, television is devouring and thus promoting books in made-for-TV movies, specials, and miniseries. "Books have long been a source of material for television," says Frank Stanton, former president of CBS. "But the pace of adaptation has stepped up lately." In fact it has stepped up tremendously in the last few years. The networks and independent TV producers are buying rights or taking out options for possible use in all categories of books—fiction and nonfiction, adult and children's books—and not limiting themselves to current books or to books by well-known authors and publishers. The nine-hour NBC series *Backstairs at the White House*, for example, was based on a 1962 book by Lillian Parks, written with Frances Spatz Leighton, and published by Fleet Press. As a writer in the *Wilson Library Bulletin* said recently, *TV Guide* may become an essential selection tool for librarians interested in public demand.

SR's television critic Karl E. Meyer has commented judiciously and at length on the fiction being used by commercial television these days (January 20). I am, however, impressed by the amount of nonfiction (what it becomes after television "dramatizes" it is less easy to categorize) that is being picked up. Even one of the "instant paperbacks" on the Guyana horror (Berkley's *Guyana Massacre: The Eyewitness Account*, by Charles Krause and Larry Stern) has been sold to CBS for a possible three-hour special. As Richard Curtis, a literary agent who specializes in sales of film and television rights, commented, "Personal stories of all kinds will 'go': anybody in trouble; calamities, disasters—and inspirations." Thus we have CBS's *Haywire*, based on the searing memoir of Brooke Hayward's tragic Hollywood childhood; NBC's forthcoming *A Man Called Intrepid*, William Stevenson's account of key figures in the British Secret Service; and ABC's *Ike*, based on Eisenhower's secretary and friend Kay Summersby's *Past Forgetting*. Other nonfiction projects in the works at various networks include: John Toland's *Hitler*, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s *Robert Kennedy and His Times*, Liv Ullmann's *Changing*, Gail Sheehy's *Passages*.

Why has television acquired such an appetite for book material? For one thing, as Bridget Potter, ABC vice president for program development for motion pictures and novels, points out, thousands of hours need to be filled, and stories or accounts from books are among the most obvious candidates for filling them. Also, the mini-series from books—which ABC started with *QB VII*, *Rich Man Poor Man*, and *Roots*—have often scored hits in the ratings war. Finally, television just can't wait for the movies. All film producers combined make at most 40 to 50 major movies annually these days, and the competitive fees for television use of such films are extremely high. So it is much cheaper for television producers to make their own 90-minute or two-hour "one-shot" movies or mini-series.

Naturally, this business is beneficial for a growing number of lucky authors and their shrewd agents. (Publishers seldom control movie or TV rights to their authors' books, but they often realize considerably increased sales of books—hardcover and paperback—that are "tied in" to the television programs.) The current minimum TV licensing fee is around $25,000 for a "one-shot" special. The fee would be higher for a mini-series. In a deal recently put together by super-agent Irving Lazar, Warner Brothers, with CBS, paid a $200,000 advance to Garson Kanin for the development of an idea for a mini-series now called *Moviola*, about the ups and downs of the movie business. At the same time Simon & Schuster and its subsidiary Pocket Books paid $750,000 for the combined future book rights to *Moviola*. (A small but growing number of successful books have come from TV series, beginning with PBS's *Upstairs, Downstairs* and including *Holocaust*, *The Glittering Prizes*, and *Pearl*). If the stakes should continue to go up at the current rate, or if there should be some major flops, then the pace of book acquisition will surely decelerate, and television will have to cultivate other sources—less-than-blockbuster movies, journalism, original scripts, and books in the public domain.

If the increased adaptation of books to television and vice versa has indeed been a good thing for many books and their authors and agents and publishers, has it been a good thing for readers and reading? According to an authoritative study, *Television and Human Behavior*, supported by several foundations and just published by the Columbia University Press, television now takes up the most leisure time of any activity (or passivity) among Americans and has measurably reduced the overall reading time of the general population. (It has also, according to the study, reduced the average amount of time spent sleeping.) Tellingly, the study reports that between 1950 and 1970, the years of television's ascendancy, the relative amount of fiction, poetry, and drama published among all trade books declined from 22 to 13 percent. This statistic suggests that television not only competes in general with books, but that it has tended to replace certain kinds of imaginative reading.

So the next time you are tempted to curl up with a good TV show, remember the words of the psychologist Bruno Bettelheim: "Television captures the imagination but does not liberate it. A good book at once stimulates and frees the mind." **—Walter Arnold**

"My question, Marvin, is this—how can you fight for what you believe in if what you believe in is not fighting?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates for insertions within a contract year (minimum ad, 10 words): 1 time, $2.50 per word; 3 times, $2.25 per word, per insertion; 6 times, $2.15 per word, per insertion; 12 times, $2.05 per word, per insertion; 24 times, $1.95 per word, per insertion. Box numbers, SR Box numbers and telephone numbers count as two words each. Names of cities and states count as one word each. No charge for zip codes. For advertisers using SR Box numbers, please include an additional $3.00 (domestic) or $5.00 (foreign) handling charge for forwarding service during a contract year. To avoid delay in publication, please include your permanent address, telephone number and sample, brochure or supportive literature about the product/service being advertised. Mention preferred issue date and suggested heading. Full payment must accompany order and be received by closing date (7th Wednesday prior to issue date). Send check or money order, made payable to Saturday Review, to Classified Department, Saturday Review, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019. *Replies to SR Box numbers should be sent to the same address.*

NEW CLASSIFIED SECTIONS
COMMENCING WITH MAY 26TH ISSUE

CLASSIFIED DISPLAY
(one column deep only, no fractions)
one inch = $135
two inches = $270

REAL ESTATE OFFERINGS
(one column deep only, no fractions)
35 lines = $335
50 lines = $480

Frequency Discounts:

3 times	2.5%
6 times	5.0%
12 times	10.0%
18 times	15.0%

CLOSING FOR MAY 26TH—APRIL 11TH

PERSONALS

KAPPA BETA PHI: Name and address of key's manufacturer needed on postal card addressed to Lancelot Butler, Route 1, Box 35, Eureka Springs, Ark. 72632.

MEDITATION evokes New Age consciousness. First year bimonthly course free. MEDITATION, P.O. Box 566W, Ojai, Calif. 93023.

MEXICO—RANCH HOTEL - in private valley, sunshine, swimming, massage, rest. Room and meals; $17.00. Brochure from APDO 1-1187S, Guadalajara, Mexico.

YOUR HANDWRITING ANALYZED IN DEPTH. $15. Elisabeth King, SR Box 2362.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, etc. bought, sold. Collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kenneth Rendell, Inc., 154A Wells, Newton, Mass. 02159.

SLEEP LEARNING equipment, tapes, books, Alpha devices. Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-W, Olympia, Wash. 98507.

FREE BOOK. *Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ.* Megiddo Mission, Dept. 14, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N. Y. 14619.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision, immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How to Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 77th St., N.Y.C., 10021. (212) 628-1666.

LEARN 10 LANGUAGES A YEAR while striding for exercise. 200 Language Club, Box 1727, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90213.

HANG A POET. I'll handprint and frame your favorite poem. Brochure 25¢. SR Box 658.

CERTIFIED HANDWRITING ANALYSIS. Send 2-page sample and $20.00 to JORALEMON, Box 1625, Bishop, Calif. 93514.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured, single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.

SCOTTISH WOOL PLAID designed/handwoven for you. $2.00/3 samples, prices. Greenmont Guildhall, West Road, Bennington, Vt. 05201.

SURPRISE YOUR FRIENDS WITH A personalized limerick card for any occasion. Send specifics and $5. Frank and Stein, Inc., P.O. Box 4105, Hollywood, Fla. 33023.

ALIBIS FOR EVERY OCCASION: Full range of original excuses, all the way from what to say to your boss if he finds your unflattering caricatures of him on your doodle pad, to a sure-fire explanation for your wife if she finds panty hose other than her own in the glove compartment of your car. Survival Through Mendacity, Inc. SR Box A.F.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS $20.00 by a graduate of the Graphology Workshop, The New School for Social Research. Mary L. Orloff, SR Box 2303.

WOULD CORRESPOND WITH THOSE familiar with ideas of mysticism. A.L.B. SR Box 2447.

VIRGIN ISLANDS MAIL SERVICE exclusive address. Prompt and private remailing/forwarding. Inquire St. Croix Islands Company, Dept. J, P.O. Box 1081, Frederiksted, St. Croix, U.S.V.I. 00840.

THE WORLD IS BUT ONE country and mankind its citizens. Write: Orthodox Baha'i Faith, P.O. Box 1424, Las Vegas, N. Mex. 87701.

"HOW TO QUIT SMOKING Without Really Trying" $4. W. Helms, 19513 Almaden, San Jose, Calif. 19520.

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. Information: SR17, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

FINE WALKING STICKS AND CANES. Free color brochure. Marchele Co., Dept. S8, 720 Fort Washington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10040.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

LIBERTY: finest cotton shirtings; Irish tweed and bedspreads; Bayeux Tapestry hanging; Sherlock Holmes cloak. Carol Brown, Putney, Vt. 05346. SASE brochure.

ARE YOU LOSING OUT because you are making yourself too clear? We can help give you an impressive ambiguity that can command the respectful attention and admiration of your colleagues, customers, and business associates. SR Box L.O.

PENFRIENDS. For free information, write: Papyrus, 927SR Fifteenth, Washington, D.C. 20005.

WE ALSO RECUT AND RESHAPE ties to the new narrower width. $4.00 per tie—3 tie minimum. Send for free tie mailer or mail direct. Satisfaction guaranteed. Roblin Tiemaster, Glen Cove, N.Y. 11542.

FOR THE COLLECTOR

OLD AND RARE MAPS AND PRINTS. Americana catalogue now available. $1.00 please. Deductible from first order. LANE'S REPOSITORY, 107 Bryn Mawr Drive, S.E., Albuquerque, N. Mex. 87106.

UNUSUAL GIFTS

WATERCOLOR SCENES AND WILDLIFE, oil portraits, painted from calendars, cards, and other photos. 16"x20", $55. Carole Stodgell, Box 73, Mattydale, N.Y. 13211.

T-SHIRTS FOR THE TIMES: "Having Abandoned My Search for Truth, I Am Now Looking For A Good Fantasy." Sizes XS/S/M/L/XL. Navy/white printing. $7.00 each ppd. Free Catalogue. White River Company, Dept. S4, 314 Broadway, Elmwood Park, N.J. 07407.

GOURMET INTERESTS

DINNER FOR SIX by Robert of Charleston. Complete instructions $5.75 postpaid. Une vraie bouffe! Tradd Street Press, 79 Church, Charleston, S.C. 29401.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

20 COOPERATIVE BOARD, block and card games. Co-op sports manuals, too! All ages. Home, school, church, wherever people want to play together not against each other. Catalogue 25¢. Family Pastimes (SR), Perth, Ontario, Canada K7H 3C6.

HAND-MADE HARDWOOD JIGSAW PUZZLE. Child's name cut among interlocking pieces. Indicate age. $9.50 ppd. Catalogue-25¢. Weston Toy Works, Weston, Vt. 05161.

GAMES

CUSTOM CROSSWORDS! Puzzles custom-made for your convention, anniversary, retreat, any occasion! Relevant names, technical terms, in-jokes. Write: CUSTOM CROSSWORDS, Odin House, Madison, Minn. 56256.

LITERARY SERVICES

WRITING, RESEARCH, EDITING. Versatile, expert staff. Research Central, 2379-S Ocean Avenue, San Francisco, Calif. 94127. (415) 586-3900.

QUALITY BOOKS MANUFACTURED (HARD COVER & PAPERBACK) IN 90 DAYS OR LESS. Complete plant—typesetting, letterpress, offset, binding, jackets. For details and prices write Dept. 731. JERICHO BOOK MFG., 900 S. Oyster Bay Road, Hicksville, N.Y. 11801. (516) 822-5700.

PUBLISHED ENGLISH STYLIST: Ghostwriting, editing. Nonfiction, fiction. Papers, speeches, theses, dissertations, books. Southern California libraries. Write for writing samples, information. Dr. Robert Henry Brown, Portfolios Limited, Box 901-A, Alpine, Calif. 92001. (714) 445-5944.

CREATIVE, IMAGINATIVE WRITER. Articles, novels, biographies. Bob Hogrogian. (201) 489-0637.

MANUSCRIPTS, REPORTS, Research writing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team! Research Unlimited, Box 300-S, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

EDITING, RESEARCH, TYPING. Sharp Literary Service, 931 Amhurst Court, Concord, Calif. 94518. (415) 689-6638; (415) 687-6737.

RESEARCH, WRITING, EDITING - by professionals! Free Catalogue. Academic Research Group, Inc., 240 Park Avenue, Rutherford, N.J. 07070. (201) 939-0189.

BOOK PUBLISHING—manuscripts and inquiries invited. Fiction, nonfiction and poetry. Free AUTHORS' GUIDE TO PUBLICATION. Write Dorrance & Company, Dept. CA, 35 Cricket Terrace, Ardmore, Pa. 19003.

BOOKPLATES

FREE color catalogue offers scores of hard-to-find home library accessories. Antioch Bookplate Company, Box 28BH, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

WRITERS' CONFERENCES

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE. August 14-26, 1979. Lectures, workshops, conferences in fiction, nonfiction, poetry, writing for children. Write: Bread Loaf, Box 504, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt. 05753. (802) 388-4167.

BOOKS

JETHRO TULL BOOK—Timely meditation on the creations and performances. Intelligence in revolt. Analytical discourse concentrates (refreshingly!) on the aboriginal artistic self of the stage hero offering critical insights. Don't sit this one out. Rush $5.00 to Spectacles Inc., 8112 Walnut, Kansas City, Mo. 64114.

BOOKS SUPPLIED—Select Out-of-Print, Used, Fine, Scarce, Interesting. Send authors' names and titles wanted. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

GOOD USED BOOKS—WIDE VARIETY. Intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send dollar for listing of 20,000 titles & prices. Editions, Desk SR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

FREE BOOK. *Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ.* Megiddo Mission, Dept. 10, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14619.

MINIATURE BOOKS. Free catalogue. Mosaic Press, Dept. 48, 358 Oliver, Cincinnati, Ohio 45215.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE PAPERBACK LISTS. Service, P.O. Box 1145, Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10551.

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS. Over 4,000 bargain books, all subjects. Free catalogue. Hamilton, 98-60 Clapboard, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

SAVE 10-35% ON ANY BOOK IN PRINT! Write for FREE BROCHURE. ABC, Box 1507/RW1, Kingston, Canada K7L 5C7.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

CATALOGUES OF USED AND RARE BOOKS. Military History; Biography; American History; European History; Russian History. Send $1.00 each to Dabney Co., P.O. Box 9883-W, Washington, D.C. 20015.

NAME THE BOOK—WE'LL GET IT! Free search service. Chicago Book Mart, Box 636B, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service if not in our large stock. Write: Q. M. Dabney & Co., Box 9883-W, Washington, D.C. 20015.

WE FIND ANY BOOK. Free Search. Reasonable Prices. Eva Davis Books, 2 Prince Charles, Williamsburg, Va. 23185.

FREE SEARCH SERVICE and every book guaranteed. You name it—we find it! International Bookfinders, Inc., Box 1-SR, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

ART

GETTING STARTED in stained glass. $.50. Whittemore, Box 2065EG, Hanover, Mass. 02339.

ART—EDUCATIONAL—TRAVEL. 95,000 Individually sold. Samples—Listings $2.00. Visuals. P.O. Box 381215, Miami, Fla. 33138.

MOVIE POSTERS, LOBBY CARDS, STILLS, MUCH MORE. Actual material used by theatres. Send $1.00 for latest catalogue (refundable): Cinema City, P.O. Box 7406, Dept. SR, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48107.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

FRETTED CLAVICHORD in kit form. Lovely, intimate instrument in solid mahogany, designed after 17th-century German clavichord. $295 complete. Free color catalogue. Zuckermann Harpsichords, Inc., Box 121-S, Stonington, Conn. 06378.

CHAMBER MUSIC FURNITURE; hardwood stands, benches, accessories. Traditional elegant designs. Free catalogue: Early Music Stands, Drawer 250. P.O. Box 277, Palo Alto, Calif. 94302.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, AND CLAVICHORDS—Professional instruments in kit form, from $195. For brochure, write Burton Harpsichords, 727 "R" Street, P.O. Box 80222S, Lincoln, Nebr. 68501.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y. 12501.

SPERRHAKE HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md. 20034.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORD, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Catalogues from MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Conn. 06069.

KITS - Lute, viola da gamba, harps, vielle, psaltery, hammered dulcimer, dulcimer. Finished instruments. 50¢ for brochure. James Cox, Luthier, 429 Fawcett St., Baltimore, Md. 21211.

RECORDS AND TAPES

CLASSICAL CASSETTE CLUB. Highest quality at competitive prices. Special introductory offer. Box 506SR, Saddle River, N.J. 07458.

RECORD JACKETS. Replace old, torn, LP jackets with clean, glossy, pure white jackets. Plastic-lined inner sleeves, opera boxes, 78 sleeves, double jackets. CABCORS, Box 8212, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

NOTICE: RECORD RATERS WANTED. (No experience required). Each month you will receive nationally released albums to rate. THERE IS NO EXTRA CHARGE for the LP's you receive. You pay a small membership fee which covers all costs of the LP's. We pay postage. In return for your opinion, build your LP collection. "First come basis." For application write: EARS, DEPT. S, Box 10245, 5521 Center St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53210.

RECORDS-TAPES! Discounts to 73%; all labels; no purchase obligations; newsletter; discount dividend certificates; 100% guarantees. Free details, DISCOUNT MUSIC CLUB, 650 Main St., Dept. 13-0479. New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801.

SCHOOLS

THE VERSHIRE SCHOOL. Co-ed secondary school combining scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff backgrounds include Foreign Service, business, and Peace Corps. Blending Peace Corps approaches (field study Mexico and Europe), imagination with desirable traditional goals. Near Dartmouth. Magnificent thousand acres scenery. Fifty horses and indoor riding ring ... all very secondary to warm outstanding education. S. Ingham, Vershire, Vt. 05079. (802) 685-4547.

PRIVATE SCHOOL PLACEMENT SERVICE. Boarding, Grades 1-12. 163 High Street, Middletown, Conn. 06457. (203) 346-5111.

APPLIED PEACE STUDIES. Wilmington College of Ohio (Quaker) enables students to combine Peace Studies with fields such as Agriculture, Communication, Economics, Management, Religion, or other areas as appropriate for careers in Peacemaking or for leadership in Church, Meeting, or Community. Peace Resource Center (Hiroshima/Nagasaki Memorial Collection); Human Relations Laboratory; Internships related to individual goals. Write: Peace Studies, Box 1243, Wilmington College, Wilmington, Ohio 45177.

MASTER OF ARTS. Goddard College Graduate Programs. Non-resident, student designed curriculum using community resources, supervised by Graduate Program faculty. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C., South, Midwest, Europe. Resident studies in: Art Therapy, Learning Disabilities, Social Ecology, M.F.A. Writing, Goddard/Cambridge Programs in Social Change. Goddard College, Graduate Programs, Box S-2, Plainfield, Vt. 05667. Fully accredited. Equal Opportunity Admissions.

INVEST IN YOURSELF. If you love children and want to use your energy and talents where you will make ripples for lifetimes to come, Montessori Teacher Training is for you. Montessori influences children during the years when their personality is being formed. Training begins June 25. For details: Montessori Certificate Training, 1010 W. Chicago, Chicago, Ill. 60622.

CAMPS

INDIVIDUALIZED CREATIVE PROGRAMMING for eight to fourteens. Excellent waterfront. 22nd season. Eight weeks $985. Golden Arrow, Georges Mills, N.H. 03751.

BELLE TERRE GYMNASTIC CAMP FOR GIRLS. (607) 538-9434. So. Kortright, N.Y. 13842.

CRYSTALAIRE CAMP IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN DUNE COUNTRY. Co-ed ages 9-15. Outpost camp, farm animal care, gardening, work projects, waterfront, creative arts. Informal, non-competitive; individualized program. Davis S. Reid, Crystalaire, Frankfort, Mich. 49635.

HIGH/SCOPE FOUNDATION - Summer community of international teenagers cooperatively and individually building skills and using talents in arts, sciences, engineering, sports, microcomputers, physical work. Beautiful southeastern Michigan setting. Scholarships available. Established 1963. 600 N. River, Ypsilanti, Mich. 48197.

CAMP ROBIN HOOD FOR GIRLS. Established 1926. Chambersburg, Pa. 85 NW of Washington, D.C. Ages 6 to 16, 4 or 8 weeks, June 21-August 16. COURTESY RESPONSIBILITY HONOR. Riding daily, tennis, swimming, team sports, crafts, music, drama, dance, campcraft, canoeing, archery, riflery, fencing. Miss Margaret C. Duncan, Owner and Director, Chambersburg, Pa. 17201. (717) 263-2495 or (919) 829-9062.

TEENAGERS RATE our human relations and community spirit even higher than our professional music & arts and sports programs. They could be right! ACA, APC approved. Co-ed 6-18. BROCHURE! Appel Farm Arts & Music Center. Elmer 22, N.J. 08318. (609) 358-2472.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallet's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics, water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vt. 05401.

STUDIES ABROAD

OXFORD THIS FALL? Courses for credit. Oxford tutors. Semester, Year Abroad, Summer Sessions. Warnborough College, Oxford OX1 5ED, England.

EUROPE: Summer Sessions, Seminars, Academic Year. Professor Berg, Saint Mary's College, Moraga, Calif. 94575.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

STUDY GREEK WEAVING, SPINNING, DYEING in Greece! 22-day workshops. May through September. University credit available. Beginners - advanced students. FIBREWORKS, Iperidou 5, Plaka, Athens, Greece.

OXFORD THIS SUMMER? True British Experience. Warnborough College, Oxford OX1 5ED, England.

LEARN FRENCH IN FRANCE the intensive way this coming Summer. 4, 5 & 6 week programs. Homestay and gradual instruction for near beginners. Write the French American Study Center, B.P. 176—14104—Lisieux, Cedex.

SUMMER STUDIES

WILDERNESS CHALLENGE. Discover your capabilities, become more self-reliant & confident. Learn outdoor skills: camping, climbing & survival, kayaking. Two 3-week courses for small groups of boys and girls 11-15. Base camp; river and mountain expeditions. Optional Reading/Math Tutoring, 6 weeks. Director, Box 365, Proctor Summer Programs, Andover, N.H. 03216.

STUDENT TRAVEL

EUROPE TODAY. Co-educational tour of Europe for High School students. Sightsee in London, Paris, Florence, Vienna. Explore French chateaux. Bathe on Riviera. Climb in Alps. John Paine, Noble and Greenough School, Dedham, Mass. 02026.

EUROPE-U.S.A., Jr. High, High School, College students. Unique, lively, flexible programs. Touring, Camping, French/Spanish study, Summer Ski/Tennis Camps, African Safari, Wilderness Trips. 22nd year. STUDENTS ABROAD/CONTINENTAL FRONTIERS, 2378-S Northeast 28th Street, Lighthouse Point, Fla. 33064. (305) 941-3889.

WILDERNESS VENTURES—7th Year of Backpacking, Mountaineering, and White Water Rafting. 4, 6, 8 week trips in Rockies and Northwest. Small, co-ed groups, ages 14-18. Mike & Helen Cottingham, Box 333R, Moran, Wyo. 83013. (307) 543-2301/(212) 523-1439 (after 6:00 p.m.).

BICYCLE-HIKING-CAMPING trips through the countrysides of the world for 13-17 year olds. Trips to New England, Nova Scotia, National Park, Western Canada, Europe. Free Brochure. Student Hosteling Program, Rochester, Vt. 05767. Toll free (800) 451-4165 or (802) 767-3297.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LANGUAGE INSTRUCTION

LEARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to Cuernavaca Language School of CIDOC. First month $300. Following four weeks $200. Private tutor available at $350 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo. 480, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

TRAVEL

BIKE EUROPE - meander from castle to castle. Escort vehicle and hotels provided. BICYCLE ODYSSEYS, 1137 Southwest Yamhill, Portland, Oreg. 97205. (503) 223-5190.

TRAVEL WORLD CUT-RATE—Special deals; avoid ripoffs; steep hotel, cruise discounts. FREE details. Dept. SR, TRAVEL SMART, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. 10522.

THIS AD + $14.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, N.Y.C. 10036, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Singles-$24.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

EXTRAORDINARY SOUTH PACIFIC TRAVEL. Write GoodTravel Tours, 5332 College Avenue, Oakland, Calif. 94618.

ROAM THE WORLD by freighter. Deluxe accommodations. Cheaper than staying home! Freighters, 16309 Depot C194, Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

GOING TO THE BRITISH ISLES? Our experience will help you enjoy all of Britain on any budget. Individual itineraries planned. Free brochure. InnerBritain, Inc., 3445 Wedgewood, Roanoke, Va. 24015.

SAN FRANCISCO'S COMFORTABLE CHEERFUL small hotel. Modest rates, kitchenettes, selected pets welcome. Near Union Square; cable cars. Beresford Arms, 701 Post Street 94109. (415) 673-2600.

EUROPE BY CAR—New York: 630 Fifth Avenue, (212) 581-3040. Los Angeles: 9000 Sunset Boulevard, (213) 272-0424. Complete Information car rental, purchase. Also Eurail/Youth Pass.

UNUSUAL BURMA-THAILAND TEMPLE TOUR. 23 days. Depart June 29. Free brochure. BRIDGE TRAVEL, 3435 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010. (213) 380-0227.

ENGLISH PRIVATE HOMES, Long Compton, Warwickshire, England provides the personal touch in truly gracious homes throughout the countryside. Write for details. Quote SR.

SAN FRANCISCO ON $50.00 A WEEK INCLUDING MEALS! Unique residence club beats the high cost of living. The Kenmore, 1570 Sutter Street, 94109. (415) 776-5815.

KNIGHT'S LODGING! *Castle Hotels of Europe*, 5th edition paperback. 485 authentic castles, monasteries, manor houses, palaces; 18 countries; 465 photos, 17 in color; rates, maps, histories: 180 pages, $5.45 postpaid. Robert P. Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

SCOTTISH WILDLIFE COURSES IN A CASTLE: To tell you about those fascinating courses would cost as much as coming here so write for details (enclose $1.00 for airmail) to Aigas Field Centre, Beauly, Inverness-shire, Scotland. IV4 7AD.

THE BALLOON RANCH in Colorado is America's only hot air balloon resort. Pleasure rides, certified FAA instruction & balloon sales. Unique Rockies country resort offering all amenities & activities; swimming, tennis, rock climbing, 4-wheel tours, horses, sauna, hot tub, wilderness & fine dining. Del Norte, Colo. 81132. (303) 754-2533.

SAN FRANCISCO TIME MACHINE - Beautifully restored 1929 Classic Hotel. 60's prices in 1979! Rates start at $20-$25 per night; $85-$150 per week. The Gaylord, 620 Jones St., San Francisco 94102. (415) 673-8445.

VACATIONS

PILGRIM'S INN, Deer Isle, Maine 04627. A colonial inn of warmth and distinction, far from anything maddening. Brochure. (207) 348-6615.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine 04617.

VIRGIN ISLANDS SAILING CRUISES - Crewed yachts (2-12 guests). Windjammers, too! FLYAWAY CHARTERS, P.O. Box 2713 SR, St. Thomas, U.S.V.I. 00801.

200-YEAR OLD SPANISH RANCH. Unexcelled riding, great birding, delightful dining, sunshine, quiet. Open year-round. Rancho de la Osa, Sasabe, Ariz. 85633.

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

AN IMPOSSIBLY ROMANTIC private island paradise, in the Grenadines, with beach, pool, tennis, sailing and snorkeling. Limited to 50 guests. Brochure. YOUNG ISLAND, 315 E. 72 St., N.Y.C. 10021.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn, swim, relax by famous Luquillo Beach, Puerto Rico 00673.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street, San Francisco 94102.

BAHAMIAN OUTISLAND RESORT - Garden rooms, 35-acre plantation estate, olympic pool, tennis, snorkeling, magnificent beaches, popularly priced menu. $18 economy; $35 deluxe (two persons). Brochure: Box 5474, Madison, Wis. 53705. ROCK SOUND CLUB, ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS. (809) 334-2243.

BEST SCUBA, BEAUTIFUL BEACHES, tranquility, small hotel. "Casa del Frances", Box 458, Vieques, Puerto Rico 00765. Tel. (809) 741-3751.

GASCON RANCH, ROCIADA, NEW MEX. 87742. Summer southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

CARIBBEAN SEA EFFICIENCIES. $36-$40. Superb snorkeling, swimming, fishing, mental/physical reconditioning. Caribeplaya, Guardarraya, Puerto Rico 00723.

HIGH HAMPTON INN & COUNTRY CLUB. We're a country inn 3600 feet closer to Heaven than the sea. Spectacular mountain scenery. Private 18-hole golf course. 8 tennis courts. (Special golf/tennis package available.) Skeet & Trap. Stocked lakes (bass & trout). Swimming. Boating. Archery. Stables. Hiking & Jogging trails. Children's activities. Write or phone: (704) 743-2411. High Hampton Inn, 166 Hampton Road, Cashiers, N.C. 28717.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Mrs. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Mont. 59047. (406) 222-0570.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE coast. Week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food, exciting sailing. $285.00—no extras. Brochure: (207) 437-2851 or (207) 763-3137. Schooner Timberwind, Box 247 F, Rockport, Maine 04856.

ON A CLEAR BLUE LAKE. Housekeeping and overnight cottages. Fireplaces, woodland trails, waterskiing, canoe trips, tennis, lobster bakes, sauna. Short drive to ocean or N.H. Mts. Write CHUTE HOMESTEAD, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

WANTALFEGO LODGE and CABINS—Maine family vacation on Webb Pond in scenic Penobscot-Acadia region. Good fishing, library, home-cooked meals, informal atmosphere. RD 1R, Franklin, Maine 04634.

MAINE WINDJAMMER CRUISES! Sail the Maine coast aboard a schooner! Food, fun, accommodations for six carefree days: $265.00 - $285.00 complete! Box 617B, Camden, Maine 04843.

BE A HOUSEGUEST IN FRANCE, not just a tourist. Fascinating host families waiting to include you in their family and social lives, show you their regions. $33 to $66 per day for 2 people. Four years and thousands of delighted clients say we're doing something right! Ms. Friday, CHEZ DES AMIS. 139 West 87 Street, New York, N.Y. 10024. (212) 787-0221.

PERFECT SOLITUDE, PIONEER RANCH COTTAGE; modernized, fully equipped. Housekeeping, week, month. Fireplace, fishing. Dorothy Meade, Harrison, Nebr. 69346.

THE SEASIDE—Favored smaller resort. Private beach. Near Sarasota. Longboat Key, Fla. 33548.

WASTING YOUR HOLIDAY? Enjoy short-term courses, field trips in the arts, crafts, humanities, writing, all in English. Intensive Spanish. Lovely colonial town. FREE color catalogue. Instituto Allende, Apdo S, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

JAMAICA. Luxury cottages, with private swimming pools; air conditioned suites and rooms; 3000 ft. beach. 18-hole championship golf course. 11 tennis courts. Montego Bay's most exclusive complete resort. All inclusive vacation plans. 4 days/3 nights from $287 - $347 per couple Apr. 16 - Dec. 14. HALF MOON HOTEL. Call TCI 800-423-2922 or your Travel Agent.

NEW HAMPSHIRE and PRIVATE! Large, immaculate housekeeping cottages. Each unit on secluded, clean lakefront. Swimming, sailing, camping, fishing. We want you to always remember your very special vacation with us. We are Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Russell, Jr., Box 438, Weare, N.H. 03281; or call 1-603-529-7457

CAMDEN, MAINE. A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. A memorable vacation at an historic inn. Fine food, spirits. Tennis, sailing, boat cruise to own island or quiet contemplation. Daily plane and direct bus service from New York and Boston. Whitehall Inn, Box SR, Camden, Maine 04843.

THE RUNAISSANCE—rejuvenation of vigor and vision for life—adult camp—Stetson University, DeLand, Florida; unique vacation, near Daytona Beach, Disney World; staff of athletes, physicians, Ph.D.'s. Write: The Runaissance, P.O. Box 1618, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33731.

TWO BEDROOMS, TWO BATHS on Florida Gulf Beach near Clearwater. Monthly. Johnson, 3136 Illinois, Lansing, Ill. 60438.

WITH SHAKESPEARE. Six days—four plays; includes tickets, meals, lodging, more. Crater Lake, rafting Rogue River possible. About $250. Write: Ashland's Shakespeare, Box 802, Ashland, Oreg. 97520.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM. Beautiful, serene, secluded. Cottages. Dixons, McGaheysville, Va. 22840.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—Jost Van Dyke Island. Precious seclusion. Gin clear water, superb swimming beach. Four private cottages. Three memorable meals. $85.00/day/couple. Write George Myrick, Box 7174F, St. Thomas, V.I. 00801.

SAXTONS RIVER INN—"A delightful Vermont Inn" *N.Y. Times*. Brochure. Saxtons River, Vt. 05154. (802) 869-2110.

WINDJAMMER VACATION IN MAINE—$285 weekly. For Brochure write Schooner J & E Riggin, Box 571 J, Rockland, Maine 04841. Telephone (207) 594-2923.

SOUTHERN FRANCE—Three houses beautifully restored in small medieval village, every comfort, breathtaking views. Color brochure and reasonable monthly year-round rates: VANRIJN, 10019 Leisure Lane, Jacsonville, Fla. 32216.

MILLOOK, CORNWALL, ENGLAND. Fully furnished cottage in magnificent coastal setting. SR Box 2451.

LONDON APARTMENTS. British country cottages, villas in France, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Italy. Renting from $65-300/person/week. Also transatlantic home exchanges. INTERCHANGE, 1703 (S), 56 West 45th Street, N.Y.C. 10036. (212) 921-8070/1.

OLD SAN JUAN EFFICIENCIES Heart of Historic Zone. Charming, air conditioned. $225./week double. Brochure: Eugene Brown, #53 Calle Cristo, San Juan, Puerto Rico 00901.

EUROPE BY CAR—New York: 630 Fifth Avenue, (212) 581-3040. Los Angeles: 9000 Sunset Boulevard, (213) 272-0424. Complete Information car rental, purchase. Also Eurail/Youth Pass.

TAKE A THRIFTTRIP to San Francisco. The Hotel Manx, located in the heart of the city, 350 feet from Union Square, offers cable cars at the door. World famous shops, fine restaurants and theatres nearby. Reasonable rates. Write for color brochure. Hotel Manx, 225 Powell Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94102. (415) 421-7070.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUMMER RENTALS

ADIRONDACK LODGES ON UPPER SARANAC LAKE. Available for two weeks or a month, July through September. Everything provided for comfortable living in the quiet woods. $600-$1,650 for two weeks. Please write Bartlett Carry Club, Route 1, Tupper Lake, N.Y. 12986.

MAINE COAST. Delightful island cabin directly on water in wooded cove. Beautiful location. Privacy. Sundeck. Two bedrooms, sleeping loft. Available July, August. $600.00 per month. Mrs. Killman, Atlantic, Maine 04608. (207) 526-3535.

NOVA SCOTIA. Furnished. Meadow. Ocean Beach. $1500 all summer. (617) 861-8734.

BOLD OCEAN Log Cabin Estate, Cranberry Point, Maine. $350/$500 weekly. (415) 968-3151.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

COME TO OAK PARK—The unique suburb 12 minutes from Chicago's Loop by public transportation. Historic architecture—community activism. Great schools, day care. Free apartment referral service. Ms. Wright, Oak Park Housing Center, 1041 South Boulevard, Oak Park, Ill. 60302. (312) 848-7150.

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights ... a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850, or call Mr. Sullivan, (607) AR 2-3420.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

EXCHANGE/RENT HOMES: swap vacation facilities; contact travel companions through Holiday Exchanges, Box 878S, Belen, N. Mex. 87002.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent-free vacation. Write: Vacation Exchange Club (R), 350 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10013.

HOUSES FOR RENT

HAMMAMET, TUNISIA - Furnished villa directly on Mediterranean. Domestic service, weekly/monthly rates. SR Box 2443.

HOUSES FOR SALE

NEW HAMPSHIRE WHITE MOUNTAIN ESTATE-LET. Twenty acres, pond views, large farmhouse, barn apartment, mountaintop cabin. Visit July, August. Move in September. $80,000 unfurnished, $90,000 furnished. SR Box 2450.

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, attractive integrated neighborhoods. Shaker Heights Housing, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. (216) 751-2155.

SCHNECTADY, NEW YORK AREA. Investment and/or living: Owner selling 3 residences: Restored 1863 farmhouse: 1973 3 bedroom custom: 1975 2 bedroom custom with 2 barns on 50 acres (add'l negotiable) drilled wells: Sand filter central septic system: 1273 Rd Front: Site large pond: Magnificent view Mohawk Valley and Adirondacks. Currently therapeutic family community. Ideal 3 or 4 families living independently or communally. Inquire P.O. Box 9235, Schnectady, N.Y. 12309.

PROPERTY AVAILABLE

BIG ... NEW ... FREE ... SUMMER CATALOGUE! Over 2,600 top values coast to coast! UNITED FARM AGENCY, 612-UR West 47th, Kansas City, Mo. 64112.

GOVERNMENT LANDS ... FROM $7.50 ACRE! Homesites, farming, vacationing, investment opportunities! "Government Land Buyer's Guide" plus nationwide listings—$2.00. SURPLUS LANDS, Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036.

GOVERNMENT LANDS from $7.50/Acre!! Investment!! Vacation!! Farming!! Exclusive Buyer's Guide!! Complete Information!! $2.00!! Moneyback Guarantee!! "Land", Box 99776-L5, San Francisco, Calif. 94109.

STOWE, VERMONT—Small inn, $150,000. McKee RE, Stowe 05672. (802) 253-7267.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

SEAFARING JOBS - FOREIGN SHIPS! Good pay! No experience. Men, women. Stamped, long envelope. Globetrotter, Box 1266-SRD, Kansas City, Mo. 64141.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Now hiring, all occupations, high pay, transportation, tax benefits, computerized reports—$2.00. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90802-W, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

OVERSEAS—ALL OCCUPATIONS! Worldwide Directory and complete information—$2.00. Opportunities, Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036.

EMPLOYMENT!!! U.S.!! Foreign! Skilled, Unskilled. Equal Opportunity. All Fields. Directory, Application, Resume Instructions $3.00. National, 940-SR Bender Building, Washington, D.C. 20036.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT—$10,000-$50,000+. Free Information! Employment International, Box 29217-MV, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

EDUCATORS: Get first choice of jobs in education, business, government. Free information!! Oxford Associates—Box 5529W, Washington, D.C. 20016.

WORK OVERSEAS. Australia, Africa, South America, Europe, etc. Construction, Sales, Engineers, Clerical, etc. $8000 to $50,000+. Expenses paid. For employment information write: Overseas Employment, Box 1011-J, Boston, Mass. 02103.

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND WANT YOU!! 50,000 jobs! Transportation! Latest information, $2.00. AUSTCO, Box 2069-W, LaPuente, Calif. 91746.

WORLDWIDE JOBS, 100,000 vacancies, every occupation, high pay, free transportation, accommodation. Latest International Manual, $3. BSP, Box 3780-S, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 3Z1.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT!! $10,000—$50,000+/year!! All occupations!! New Report!! $2.00!! Moneyback Guarantee!! "Worldwide." Box 99776-L5, San Francisco, Calif. 94109.

AUSTRALIA ... NEW ZEALAND NEED YOU!! 55,000 Jobs!! Free transportation!! New Report!! $2.00!! Moneyback Guarantee!! "Australia," Box 99776-L5, San Francisco, Calif. 94109.

TEACHERS - ADMINISTRATORS: Current school, college openings list U.S.A., $5.95: Abroad $5.95. Leading Placement Sources U.S.A., $3.95; Abroad $4.95. EIS, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162.

JOBS ON SHIPS! Men-Women. American, Foreign. Worldwide travel. No experience necessary. Guide $3. Seafax, Dept. W-10, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Wash. 98362.

VOLUNTEER PEACE CORPS/VISTA. Challenge, Growth, Renewed Sense of Purpose. That's what you'll experience as a Peace Corps or VISTA volunteer. Projects in U.S., Latin America, Africa, Asia, and the Pacific for one- and two-year commitments. Your expenses paid; singles & couples. Information: Linda Friedman, Peace Corps/VISTA, P-11, Washington, D.C. 20525. An Equal Opportuniy Program.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

SALES POSITIONS: Educational Publication. Free leads, materials, full training. High commissions, bonus, incentives. Management opportunities available. Write: AL BOGART, Dept. 6-49A, HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN, 2300 W 5th Avenue, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

MUSIC & ARTS CAMP (co-ed) needs nurse (N.J. License). Also instructors: WSI, field sports; percussion instruments, woodwinds, brass, strings, keyboard, rock, jazz; elementary music; creative writing, art, dance (modern, ballet), pottery. Radio and VTR engineer. Must live with and counsel children. No smoking. Over 21. Complete resume to APPEL FARM, Elmer 21, N.J. 08318. Phone (609) 358-2472.

MOTHER'S HELPER. Three girls. Summer 1979. Wellesley, Massachusetts. SR Box 2448.

EDITOR - Top job for leading Jewish magazine. Thorough knowledge of Jewish and Israeli affairs. Fluent Hebrew. Proven record in magazine editing and handling staff. Salary open. SR Box 2452.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

BUMPER STICKER PRINTING DEVICE. Cheap, Simple, Portable. Free Details. Bumper, P.O. Box 22791(DF), Tampa, Fla. 33622.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY writing short paragraphs. Information free. Barrett, Dept. C310T, 8 South Michigan, Chicago, Ill. 60603.

MISEMPLOYED? Start a successful used-book store! Details, SR Box 1009.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for Free, no obligation Writing Aptitude Test. Analyze your writing potential. Writers Institute, A Home Study School, Dept. 47-04-9, 100 Mamaroneck Ave., Mamaroneck, N.Y. 10543.

ART—CUSTOM FRAMING, Hollywood, California. Not sinecure; will train. SR Box 2446.

MENTAL HEALTH CLINIC FOR SALE to qualified professional (psychiatrist, psychologist, counselor). $100,000 annual gross earnings. Price negotiable, current owner will finance. SR Box 2449.

HOW TO MAKE $100.00 day buying scrap gold!!! Free details: Meredith, Box 11216AR, Reno, Nev. 89510.

GOVERNMENT SURPLUS

"GOVERNMENT SURPLUS DIRECTORY." Buy 250,000 different items (including Jeeps)—low as 2¢ on dollar! Most complete information available—$2.00. SURPLUS DISPOSAL, Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036.

J-E-E-P-S ... !! $59.30!! ... CARS ... !! ... $33.50!! ... !! 450,000 ITEMS!! ... !! GOVERNMENT SURPLUS!! ... !! MOST COMPREHENSIVE DIRECTORY AVAILABLE tells how, where to buy!! ... !!YOUR AREA!! ... !! $2.00!! ... !! MONEYBACK GUARANTEE!! ... "Government Information Services," Department P-56, Box 99249, San Francisco, Calif. 94109.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL DEPARTMENT

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

WE FIND BOOKS! Rare or out-of-print. Free search. Eva Davis Books, 2 Prince Charles, Williamsburg, Va. 23185.

"After all this time, I still find that the *Saturday Review* Classified section is a potent business tool."

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL DEPARTMENT

VACATIONS

NEAR MEXICAN BORDER, secluded Chiricahua Mountain Valley fully furnished housekeeping casas; complete relaxation, horses, fishing, birding. Brochure. SUNGLOW MISSION RANCH, Pearce, Ariz. 85625. (602) 824-3364.

"You did us a good job last year. ... You may quote our success with your fine magazine."

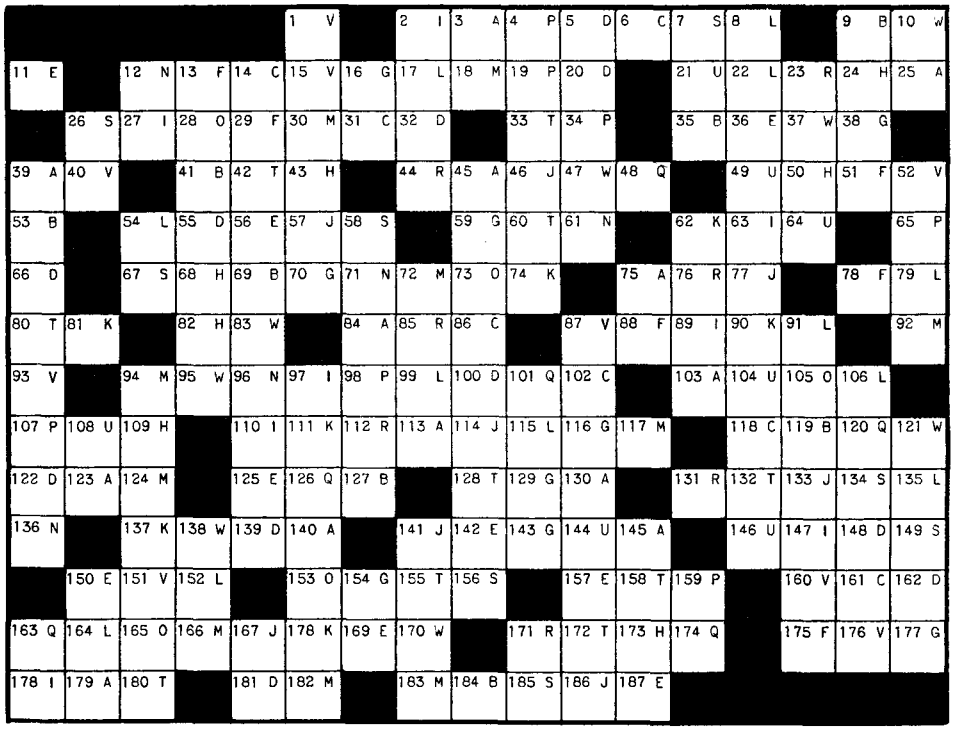
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 169

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to Double-Crostic No. 168 appears on page 5.



CLUES	WORDS
A. Pull out all the stops; shoot the works (4 wds.)	25 45 113 123 140 39 75 84 103 130 / 145 3 179
B. White hellebore of Europe	184 9 41 119 35 53 69 127
C. Young hare	161 6 14 31 86 102 118
D. Game played with a pocket knife	139 181 55 100 5 20 32 66 148 162 122
E. "Come into the garden, Maud, / I am here ___ alone" (3 wds., Tennyson, "Maud")	142 157 187 36 56 125 150 169 11
F. Halo	13 88 78 175 29 51
G. Keeper of records	59 70 116 129 143 154 177 16 38
H. Buddhist state of perfect grace	43 82 109 68 173 24 50
I. Type of dislodgement; bouncer's specialty	63 89 110 2 27 97 147 178
J. Alert	77 114 133 167 186 141 46 57
K. ___ fire: prolonged clapping by an audience to indicate displeasure	74 90 111 137 168 62 81
L. "The ___ robe of gold and pearl" (*Henry V*)	99 115 164 22 135 8 17 54 91 79 / 106 152
M. Grandeurs; qualities or instances of spiritual or moral excellence	30 72 18 92 183 94 124 166 117 182
N. Torment, tease; Deep Blue Sea's opposite number	61 136 96 12 71
O. Not hidden; observable, *manifest*	73 105 153 165 28
P. Companions, associates	107 159 4 19 34 65 98
Q. The Fate who spins the thread of life	163 101 120 174 48 126
R. Furnishes, equips; get-ups, rigs	76 85 171 131 23 44 112
S. Next-door neighbor or a neighbor whose house is on fire	134 7 26 58 149 185 67 156
T. Small, short-tailed, sharp-beaked birds, family *Sittidae*	60 132 33 172 42 128 80 158 155 180
U. Walking papers, pink slip (2 wds.)	49 146 64 21 104 108 144
V. Springing back	176 160 93 1 87 45 40 151 52
W. Cap. of Ninghsia Hui Autonomous Region, China	170 138 83 47 10 121 37 95

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BACK DOOR

Taking Our Distemperature

SOME WEEKS AGO, as we navigated between man-high snowdrifts, an amiable, garrulous Chicago cabbie was discoursing on the changed character of his fellow Chicagoans during the recent storms. "Back in '65, when we last saw this much snow," he said, "people were different. They helped each other out. Now it's every man for himself. Everybody seems angry. Money worries has got them ornery—and unemployment—and I don't know what else."

A few days later, in Washington, D.C., in his paneled office, Senator Edward Kennedy echoed the cabbie's concerns about our national mood. "Inflation makes Americans apprehensive about the forces that impact their lives," he told me. "As a result, they are scrutinizing institutions, near and remote." Asked to what extent the present mood was attributable to presidential leadership, Kennedy resisted criticizing Carter. He did, however, suggest that Americans "have always responded best when challenged" and that they "could be challenged more."

Senate minority leader and almost-avowed candidate for the Republican presidential nomination, Howard Baker also discerned an uneasiness among the American people. Not surprisingly, he had no hesitation ascribing this malaise in part to presidential mismanagement of foreign affairs. That very month, he pointed out to me, America had had one ambassador killed (in Afghanistan) and an embassy besieged (in Iran), as if the United States were too weak or timid to defend its citizens abroad. To a nation that is used to thinking of itself as supremely powerful, such a sense of helplessness was understandably discouraging.

In various other conversations in Washington and throughout the country, this sense of uneasiness, of disgruntlement, reappears. To foreigners afflicted with more pressing problems, such grumpiness may seem strangely self-indulgent, like the neuroses of the idle rich who need something to worry about. Compared with most other countries—compared even with our own position in prior years—we are prosperous, peaceful, and possessed of scores of other reasons to be thankful. To what, then, should we attribute our distemper?

There is no simple answer. Foreign affairs may well be part of the problem: Our failure to control events abroad makes us uneasy about our security at home. The anxiety generated by the increasingly rapid erosion of our buying power also gnaws at our peace of mind, regardless of statisticians' claims that increases in average income are more than keeping pace with inflation. To a lesser extent, our persistent inability to achieve full employment; the reduction and deterioration of our public services, including schools; and the ongoing decay of our poorer neighborhoods—all mar our school-taught notions of America's utopian potential.

The fact that America has problems does not, however, satisfactorily explain our distress. We have, after all, had worse problems and at the same time felt better about being Americans. The deeper cause of our malaise, perhaps, is that, for the first time in living memory, we have no national purpose, no goal toward which we are striving. "Making the world safe for democracy," the Depression, World War II, the Cold War, the race to space, the Great Society—these were missions, laudable or not, that galvanized our energies and gave us some sense of selfless purpose.

President Carter's attempt to escalate his energy initiative into "the moral equivalent of war" made good sense, but, for whatever reason, the idea failed to capture the popular imagination, leaving us as a nation less sure than ever about what part we are supposed to play in the global drama.

Now that Communism is no longer conveniently monolithic and democracy has proven to be a less than ideal form of government for developing countries, even our traditional roles of exemplifying democracy's virtues and defending the "free world" have grown less compelling. And while the bitter lesson of Vietnam may be correct—that noninvolvement in the affairs of other countries best serves our national self-interest—standing by is scarcely an uplifting national endeavor.

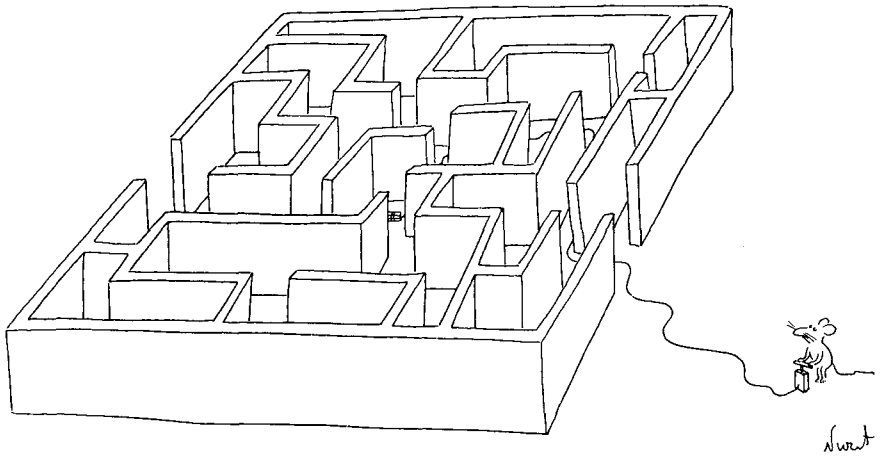
In the absence of any exalting vision, we are focusing on our own contentment and finding it lacking.

The question is: What next? If purposelessness is our ailment, where do we look for a cure?

The cure, as Senator Kennedy suggests, is to be challenged, and the challenge can come from one of two places: from our predators, who may force us to defend ourselves, or from a leader who can rouse us to enthusiasm over some project, whether it be energy self-sufficiency, or rebuilding our blighted cities, or (Heaven forfend) seeking out imagined "enemies."

Time will tell. My own hunch is that President Carter will be beaten in 1980, in the primaries or general election, by some candidate who offers a prospect more electrifying than "New Foundations." Or perhaps by then the President will have made us proud once again, as he did at Camp David, of America's capacity to improve our world.

—Carll Tucker



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

14 factors that could affect the performance of your next prescription.

Before you ask your pharmacist for a cheaper version of the medication prescribed by your doctor, consider.

In making the "same" drug, different companies may exercise different levels of skill and care. They formulate and manufacture the "same" product differently.

Change the inactive ingredients, compress the tablets too much, make any of a dozen other misjudgments, and the resulting product may cause problems. Yet it could look just like a well-made drug.

That's why it's vital to control factors like the few we've listed. To assure quality in every prescription drug, at every stage from research lab to pharmacy shelf.

PMA believes every company should be required to document the biological performance of its products and identify the actual manufacturer on the package label. Because the manufacturer's competence is the key to quality.

To know you're getting a drug of assured quality at an acceptable price, ask your doctor and your pharmacist. These professionals know drugs. And they know drug companies from long experience.

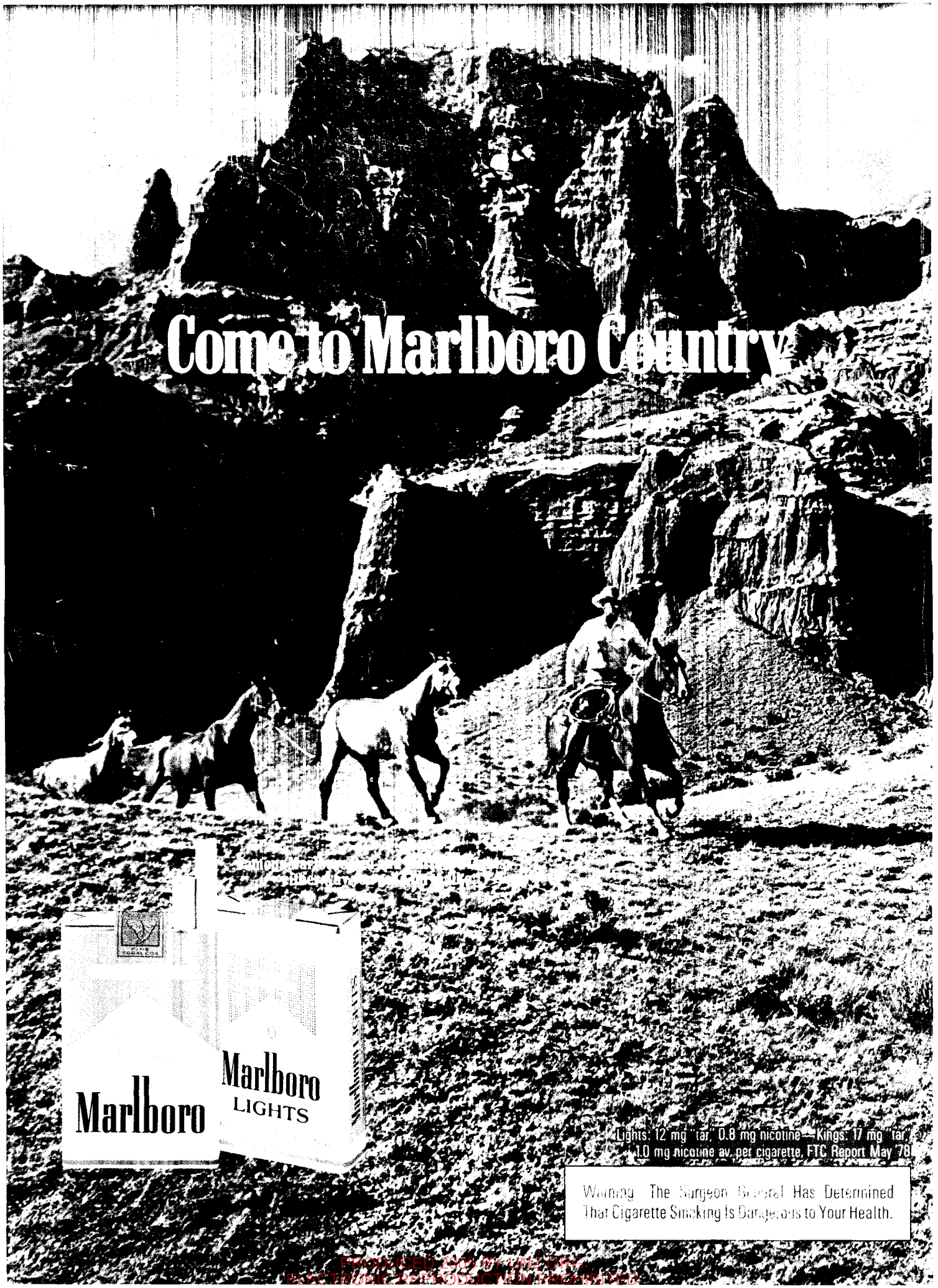
They know that established firms—those with proven quality assurance programs—produce consistently reliable medicines. Such products sometimes cost a little more. But in drug therapy as in drug manufacturing, a saving at the expense of quality could be the worst kind of economy.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association.

If a new medicine can help, we're working on it.

With your health at stake, you may want to know more. Please write for our "Key Facts" booklet. It's free.
The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. ***SR-904,*** *1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Come to Marlboro Country
Marlboro
Marlboro
LIGHTS
Lights: 12 mg "tar" 0.8 mg nicotine—Kings: 17 mg "tar" 1.2
1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PRODUCED 2007 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED